

NATIONAL REVIEW

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June 17, 1961

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

An Interview with Chiang Kai-shek

MARVIN LIEBMAN

Why I'm For Right-to-Work

LAFAYETTE A. HOOSER

Sleeping Sentries

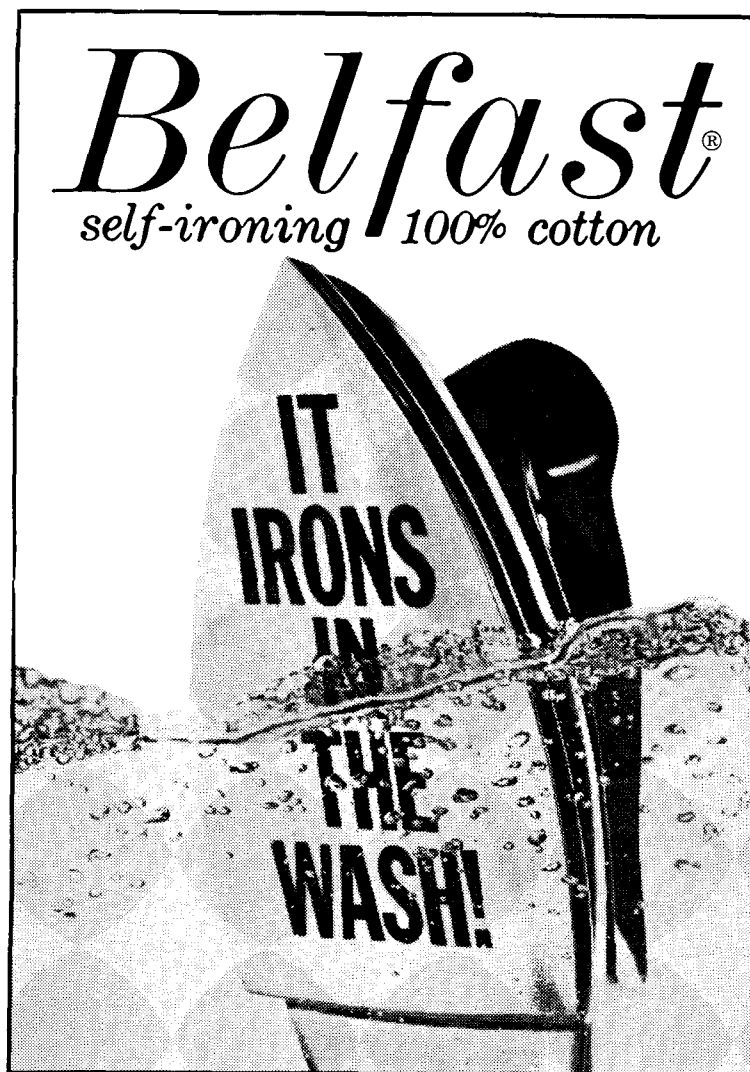
JAMES BURNHAM

Articles and Reviews by JOSEPH F. THORNING
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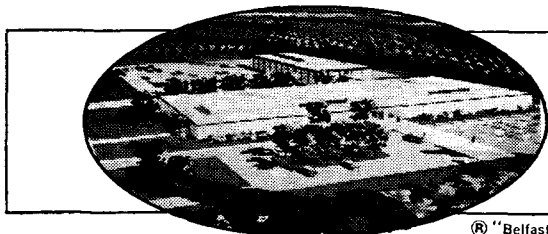
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ We feature an exclusive interview with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek by **Marvin Liebman**. Mr. Liebman, who is secretary of the Committee of One Million against the recognition of Red China, and élan vital of other right-minded organizations, wrote to President Chiang asking the questions that most often have come up since the inauguration of Mr. Kennedy: and received frank and timely answers. . . . World Traveler **James Burnham**, who wrote from Vienna the day before K & K met there, went up through Italy, pursuing the centers of art and music: and through art, he views the quality of our crisis, of which the Vienna meeting is a symbol. . . . **Lafayette A. Hooser** is, by profession, a railroad engineer—yes, the kind that sits in the cab and pulls the whistle, yanks the switches, and makes the train go. A few years ago, he and a number of fellow trainmen resolved to found a new union, tailored more exactly to their needs. Here is his story.

→ **Frank Meyer** discusses the notion that conservatives cannot believe in freedom, and ends up proving, in as nice a demonstration as we have ever seen, that those who believe any such thing cannot, in a word, think. A highly relevant column, considering that non-thought is so much in vogue. . . . **Russell Kirk** lets go at one Virgil Rogers, educationist. RIP.

→ The Rev. **Joseph F. Thorning**, Professor of Latin American History at Marymount College, reviews a book of portraits of world figures by Vera Micheles Dean of the Foreign Policy Association, and concludes, on the evidence of her latest book, that Mrs. Dean is doing about as well as our foreign policy. . . . Professor **Richard Weaver** of the University of Chicago writes about a perplexing new book by Robert Penn Warren on the South. . . . **Stephen Tonsor**, professor at the University of Michigan where he teaches intellectual history, discusses trenchantly the much debated bifurcation in the thought of Edmund Burke, in a review of three books on Burke. . . . **Robert Drake**, who writes about Anita Loos' new book on Hollywood (her readers will prefer *Blondes*) is leaving Northwestern, to join the faculty of Texas University as assistant professor of English. . . . **Peter Melik** is not a professor but is as good a movie reviewer (he has seen *La Dolce Vita*) as he is a book reviewer.

→ Our light verse is by **Eleanor Mellichamp Smith**, housewife, Virginia, mother of three ("the older two being [ugh!] teenagers"). . . . Our light-serious verse is by **Ian Hamilton Finlay**, better known (at least in Scotland), for his television plays and his short stories. "His poems are unique," writes Hugh Kenner. "Something in the Scottish intonation lends a fey desperation to what in England or here would be merely quaint." Those who want more Finlay should write to Migrant, 1199 Church Street, Ventura, California. →

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The WEEK

● The young man who said he would never go to the Summit without adequate preparation went to the Summit last week fully prepared after two weeks of concentrated study. The warrior who said he would not talk about Laos until a cease-fire was established went to the Summit and talked about establishing a cease-fire. The President, after he heard Mr. Khrushchev say that "no man is neutral," agreed to work for a neutral Laos. Mr. Kennedy informs us that Mr. Khrushchev uses such words as "democracy," "popular will," "war," "peace," "aggression," "internal affair," "right and wrong" in meanings wholly foreign to the accepted sense in our language, but he says his discussion with Khrushchev was "immensely useful." Presumably Mr. Kennedy reaffirmed to de Gaulle and Macmillan our intention to defend West Berlin—in phrases whose real import, in view of the West's perennial retreat, Mr. Khrushchev has as much right to question as Mr. Kennedy should have to doubt Khrushchev's use of the word neutrality in relation to Laos. If we read the signs aright—Mr. Kennedy's haste to withdraw his pre-Summit demands, Mr. Stevenson apologizing to Latin America for our *gaffe* in Cuba, our retreat to neutrality in Laos after spending \$300 million for anti-Communist arms there—if we read the signs, we see a new turn in foreign policy, a turn toward that ancient engine of withdrawal, called Appeasement. Appeasement leads to war.

● "The formal opportunity to be educated is beyond question one of the basic accepted and indispensable expectations in contemporary society," says the Justice Department, in a brief seeking to prove that the Constitution *requires* the states to maintain public schools. "The practice of medicine is a public trust," says Abraham Ribicoff, who predicts that The People will expect adequate medical care to be included in their ditty-bag of basic rights. And the farmers expect to live like the auto workers; so the government should make it possible—right? And the labor unions. And the aged. Everyone has rights these days, everyone has desires and claims and stunted plans and unslaked yearnings—but is the government therefore required to be the sole protector, nurse, and counselor? Surely the right to marriage is more basic than the right to medical care: is Mr. Ribicoff therefore required to serve as National Marriage Broker? We have the right to improve our minds in our leisure time: must we therefore establish a National Culture Administration? We have the right to travel about: does this *require* the

states to provide public transportation? We also have the right to predict that a time will come when one half of the country has no rights at all, but only the "national duty" to work full-time to satisfy the claims of the other half, who wrap their pride and greed and sloth in the gorgeous folds of "basic rights" and then sit back, commanding their slaves to produce. To which half will you give the right to support the other half, Mr. Ribicoff? The incredible claim by the Attorney General, whose acceptance by the court would have the effect of repealing the Tenth Amendment to the Constitution, is the direst threat to freedom and states' rights to have been voiced by a responsible government official in fifteen years.

● Mrs. Elizabeth Heffelfinger, "iron hand" (to use our informant's phrase) of the Minnesota Republican Party, and a former Republican National Committeewoman, recently carried the battle for Understanding into the local high school. "We must understand," said she to the students there gathered, "that the important thing with someone like Nkrumah of Ghana is not that he's a Marxist, which he is, or a Communist, which he isn't, but that he's doing a good job." He's making the trains run on time.

● NOW YOU DON'T SEE IT DEPT.: As parliamentary divisions go, it is a big thing at the UN whether the unpleasantness in Cuba is to be called a "civil war" (the U.S. position), or an "international dispute" (between the U.S. and Cuba—the Castro position). In a test of strength in the United Nations on this issue recently, the U.S. was outvoted 41-35. Mexico's proposal against the use of territories and resources "to promote a civil war in Cuba" we lost 7 to 47. Three Latin American countries (Argentina, Colombia, Uruguay) voted with us, seven (Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Costa Rica, Cuba, Ecuador, Mexico) against, nine abstained. Of our NATO allies, only Italy voted with us.

● Trujillo is dead. 1) We do not mourn him. 2) We hope happier days are ahead for the Dominican Republic. 3) There is reason to fear otherwise. Trujillo died a megalomaniac swollen with power, turned tyrant against the church, turned friend to Castro, a capricious, undependable, corrupt caudillo. Granted, the United States, by its self-righteous humiliations of Trujillo, lost what opportunity it had to exercise a civilizing influence upon him. But the inglorious end was theatrically fitting. No one seems to have any idea who *will* come to power, least of all the CIA.

● President Fulbert Youlou of the Republic of the Congo (former French Congo), who visited the U.S. last week, is a Catholic priest who has been sus-

pendent by his bishop for failure to disavow political support from an influential Congolese religious sect worshipping a trinity of André Matswa (founder of the sect, who died in 1947), Christ, and a fetish called "Ngol," a deification of Charles de Gaulle. In the legislative elections of 1956, 35 per cent of the ballots in Brazzaville were marked "Matswa."

● So, with a nicety the French occasionally demonstrate, the sentences were pronounced: 15 years of prison for Generals Maurice Challe and André Zeller, a shade less than the 20-year terms the prosecution had demanded (on the grounds that 20 years at their age amounted to a life sentence). This was harsh enough to satisfy those who in the heat of the rebellion had demanded death; and, insofar as it fell short of the death sentence, or life imprisonment, clement enough not to infuriate the many who felt that the Generals had been motivated by a high concept of honor. Moreover, it is rumored that once the Algerian crisis is resolved, a full presidential pardon will be forthcoming. It was hard for any Frenchman, no matter how anti-Army, totally to disdain General Challe's description of the feelings of the professional army which had been forced to relinquish one after another Indochina, Tunisia, Morocco, Algeria: "We had sworn to our friends that we would remain in each of these places, yet we departed before their eyes filled with stupor and mistrust. Nothing and nobody can oblige a man to make perjury his daily bread. Obedience? Discipline? Duty? Yes, until death. But not perjury."

● For years, George Sokolsky has refused invitations to speak at Republican Party affairs. Last week the New York Young Women's Republican Club prevailed over his resolution—and may never again be the same. First on the podium was Bernard Newman, Manhattan GOP County Chairman, who gave the regular pep talk on supporting the Party's candidates. On the dais were state and local party notables. Then came Sokolsky. "You've heard from the practical politician," he began. "I'm not interested in practical politics tonight; it's practical politics that are taking this country to ruin." The politicians gasped; the audience gasped. On he went: "What we need are people with the faith and idealism to rise above party politics and compromises, because both the Republican and Democratic parties are meaningless today. They ignore the real problems facing America." "What does a party label mean when Frankfurter, a Democrat, protects America by voting against the Communists, and Warren, a Republican, votes for the Communists?" "Javits? [to a New York audience, mind you]: He's not even a Republican. He takes you people for granted, and is out after the opposition. I hope some day he grows

up." Etc., etc., etc. The politicians—their whole world attacked—looked nervously about at each other, wondering whether they dared applaud (they did—meekly). The audience gave him a standing ovation. The minister, carried away by it all, closed his benediction: "And please, dear God, if we can't all have the conscience of a conservative, let us at least have a conscience."

● 1) Attention, college students: if you're thinking about organizing a conservative club, be sure to get a copy of "The ISI Leadership Guide," a short but complete manual that shows you how to handle the practical problems of getting started, organizing the club, planning your activities, putting on a meeting, getting publicity, and (keep this one under your hat) raising money. The appendix gives a short list of conservative books, journals and magazines; a sample announcement letter and constitution; and the Sharon Statement of the Young Americans for Freedom. Available, free, from The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, 410 Lafayette Building, Philadelphia 6, Pennsylvania.

2) "How We Live in Our Town," a short pamphlet that guides teachers in bringing the theory of classical economics to pupils in the earliest grades, was brought out in June 1960 and has sold like hotcakes. It shows the significance of economic acts, the importance of savings, the necessity of profit, the value of work, the efficiency of machinery. Prepared with the help of 500 educators throughout the country, it may be the first step in the creation of a generation of kindergarten capitalists. After thirty years of kindergarten-to-college curricula that sneer at capitalism, the counter-revolution is at hand, and none too soon. For information, write the American Economic Foundation, 51 East 42 St., New York 17, N.Y.

3) "Problems of Church and Society," by Edmund A. Opitz, is a serene and scholarly essay on the perversion of Christian thought implicit in the pronouncements of major church bodies in favor of the welfare state, laborism, admission of Red China to the UN, and other aberrations. Written by a Protestant minister, the essay may be the first step toward providing an "ecclesiastically sanctioned channel" through which minority (that is, conservative) opinions in church matters may be expressed. Limited number of copies available, courtesy of Rev. Opitz, at The Foundation for Economic Education, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

● If you lived in France and your only source of news on the John Birch Society and *Operation Abolition* was Servan-Schreiber's *L'Express*, the *New Statesman* of France, this is what you would think.

The John Birch Society has 100,000 members. It doesn't know the difference between Guy Mollet (French Socialist leader) and Maurice Thorez (French Communist leader) and demonstrated this lack of knowledge in a film which General Walker ran for his officers in Germany. It bought 700 copies of a film on "un-American activities," at \$500 apiece, which shows students in San Francisco being brutally beaten by the police in the course of an anti-McCarthy manifestation, and this is explained by saying that these are Communist students attacking the police. The running of this film provoked new student demonstrations in California which were systematically photographed by the police and the photographs and the registration numbers of their cars turned over to the FBI. Could this be why 40 million Frenchmen are so often wrong?

● Years ago, when the United Nations was at Lake Success, a circle of flags from the member nations decorated the lawn in front of its headquarters. Today, Sperry Gyroscope Company occupies the former UN building, and a Polaris missile—painted red, white and blue—has replaced the flags. We look forward to the day when the DAR moves into new headquarters on the East River.

● The discrepancies in the stories about Major Yuri Gagarin's orbital flight have begun to bother even Yuri Gagarin. He now accounts for them by disclosing (in *Sovetskaya Pechat*, a Soviet magazine for journalists) that Russian reporters not only ransacked his apartment in search of photographs and papers after his flight but that they "made up details" about that achievement, many of which were erroneous. The Wild Duck explains this lapse in ethical conduct on the grounds (so help us) that the reporters "were suddenly gripped by a strange and absolutely inadmissible spirit of ballyhoo."

Let the Intellectuals Take It from Here

The Supreme Court's hairsbreadth (5-4) recognition that there is a Communist conspiracy is good news for those who have maintained that a general dedication to free speech need not commit a free society to making available to its enemies the instruments of its own destruction. The first decision revolved about the question whether the Communist Party of the United States is, on the evidence, under the control of a foreign power, and so subject to the provisions of the McCarran (Internal Security) Law of 1950. The very idea that it should have taken eleven years of legal wrangling to establish something as

obvious as that the grass is green, and the dawn rosy-fingered, illustrates the paralysis of our internal defenses: and it is hardly reassuring that reality should have triumphed by the narrowest majority. Four members of the Court appear incapable of assessing evidence which could inconvenience their simplistic commitment to the idea that all political "movements" are more or less equal, and deserving, each one equally, of the immunities of the First Amendment.

The second decision dealt with the conviction of two defendants under the Smith Act, raising the question whether the Smith Act is itself constitutional. After the crippling *Yates* decision of June 17, 1957, it became moot whether successful prosecution under the Smith Act was any longer possible. It appears now that it is, though only if rules of procedure are followed which make almost unmanageable the burden on the Justice Department of proving that each defendant is aware that he belongs to an organization that seeks to overthrow the government by force and violence. And once again one asks: Why did it take the Supreme Court this long to act, during which time the conspiracy went about its deadly business unhindered by the two ingenious forms of harassment devised by Messrs. Smith and McCarran?

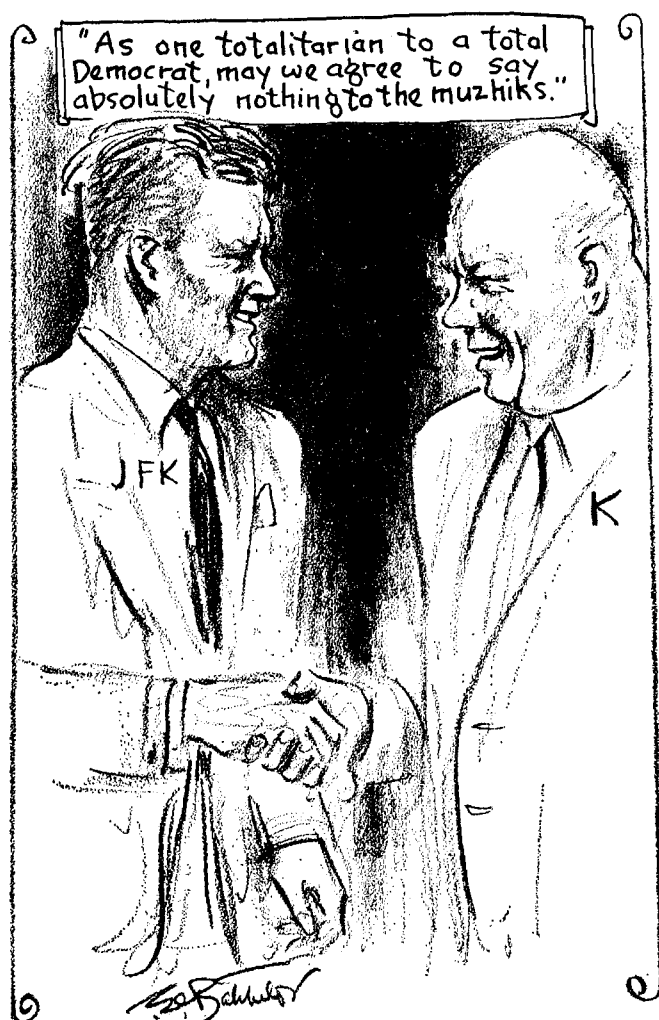
To answer that question is to go deep into the Liberal mind. We venture to do that—and if we are not back in three hundred words, come and fetch us. The failure, essentially, is a failure of the intellectual class in this country to develop the political sophistication necessary to deal with unassimilable political minorities like the Communist Party. The open society paradigm, described by John Stuart Mill and festooned by the free-society rhetoric of one hundred years, is lodged so deeply in the Liberal mentality as to have totally bureaucratized its capacity for urgently necessary creative thought. Still, realities had to be dealt with, and so efforts to cope with the internal Communist movement were made: but they were imperfectly conceived, and sometimes impulsive, and uninstructed. Anti-Communist legislation was the work not of our professors of political science, but of responsive and perceptive politicians who saw that something had to be done, and set out to do it. Congressman Smith's act is (in our judgment) very dubiously constitutional—because the Bill of Rights simply did not anticipate something like the Communist Party when it proscribed legislation that would hinder free speech. What we needed was a constitutional clarification, very carefully devised; and on this problem the intelligentsia should have been working over the years. The McCarran Act, once again, is in many respects crude, and quite probably unenforceable. It was designed primarily to expose the Communist front. And yet it has taken

eleven years to nail down the Communist Party as being Communist! The chances that the McCarran Act will ever serve to require, say, the Free Play for Cuba Committee to identify itself as a Communist Front Organization are small (Edward Bennett Williams is not likely to permit any such thing): and failing that, the Act will simply not accomplish what it was designed to do.

What we have needed all along to do, of course, is to outlaw the conspiracy. To outlaw the Communist Party and all its maneuverings. To do that we need to rethink the theory of the open society as defended by our Victorian theorists. Theirs—for they are professionals—is the expertise, if only they would use it to accommodate reality; if only they would come to the aid of their country.

Snake Pit

The purpose of the United States' embargo against Cuba is, through the use of economic pressures, to slow down the program of the Stakhanovite socialists whose ideological lust is consuming the people's free-



dom, and the hemisphere's peace. The embargo either is, or isn't, a serious policy decision. If not, it is simply an act of national petulance, and should be repealed. If it is serious, if the United States seriously intends to damage the Cuban economic machine, we should be prepared to act consistently, even if to do so is un-Kennedy.

Accordingly one must assess the tractor deal (1), and the recent loan by the Special Fund of the United Nations (2). The President of the United States, who maintains the embargo, undertakes to dispatch 500 vitally useful tractors to Cuba. And the United States puts up 40 per cent toward the United Nations Fund which recently approved a million dollar loan to Fidel Castro.

Granted, there are surrounding circumstances that complicate analysis of the two transactions. The first is that we stand to get back 1,200 Cuban patriots, and conceivably—weighed coldly—the 1,200 Cubans are worth more to us than the tractors are to Cuba. In respect to the loan, the United States does not have a veto power over the dispensations of the 18-member governing body of the loan. The two incidents, however, bring to light the continuing conflicts of interest which so often paralyze our foreign policy: on the one hand, we feel deeply for the captured Cubans, and acknowledge our own responsibility for their plight; as regards the loan, we are deeply committed to the notion of international bodies deciding just about everything. On the other hand, we need to pursue collateral policies that will implement essential American foreign policy. If, that is, American foreign policy is serious.

Ransom, Inc.

A week or so ago, Mr. Henry Hazlitt, author and columnist, and Mr. Marvin Liebman (whose interview with Chiang Kai-shek appears in this issue), and Mr. William Buckley Jr. announced the "organization" of "Ransom, Inc.," "to establish a permanent fund of \$500,000,000 with which to transact future Communist blackmail." "Ransom, Inc. [said the press release] is a continuing organization which will solicit funds from the public and hold them until the next Communist blackmail offer is made . . . The rulers of Moscow and Peiping will surely take a page from Premier Castro's book and offer to ransom some of their prisoners for appropriate prices: we suggest two tanks for twenty Hungarian Freedom Fighters; ten anti-aircraft units for 100 Chinese intellectuals now in slave labor camps; and perhaps one of our early atom bombs for which we have no longer any particular use for 150 American GI's captured during the Korean War and still unaccounted for by the Communists . . . Ransom, Inc., is a dynamic re-

sponse to an old problem, which will bring American know-how and efficiency to the field of international blackmail."

This attempt to put the Roosevelt-Reuther-Eisenhower venture into perspective, greeted gleefully by the *New York Daily News* as a "brilliant leg-pull," was only partly successful, as some people, reading truncated reports on *Ransom* in papers out over the country, took the enterprise seriously. But for the most part, the response has been gratifying. Our favorite was the telegram: "CONGRATULATIONS ON FORMATION OF RANSOM. AS FIRST TRANSACTION PROPOSE WE EXCHANGE IMPRISONED FREEDOM RIDERS FOR EARL WARREN."

Tick Tick Tick

Action on the aid to education bill has been held up until next week. Meanwhile, the lobbyists are hard at work, as witness the following unsuccessful effort to discredit the analysis of Mr. Ralph de Toledano. Mr. Toledano comments:

It comes as hardly a shock that the U.S. Office of Education took umbrage at my views on federal aid to education ["The Federal Aid-To-Education Fraud," March 25]. Over five single-spaced pages of umbrage, at that, in a memorandum which Commissioner Sterling M. McMurrin sent to at least one conservative congressman. Purportedly summarizing "the position of the U.S. Office of Education in regard to stated and implied allegations," it is a priceless document. For it employs to a superlative degree the Groucho Marx technique. Asked where he lived, Groucho answered, "I moved." Most of the statistics used in my piece—and in the far more extensive writings of Roger A. Freeman—come from Mr. McMurrin's own shop, the Office of Education, and that haven of the Establishment, the National Education Association.

I am somewhat baffled by Commissioner McMurrin's attempt to deny that the wartime "baby boom" has tapered off. The memorandum "rebutts" me by citing birth statistics for the period 1956-60. This irrelevancy is topped by a statement which will come as a surprise to President Kennedy and the Budget Bureau: "It is conservatively estimated that more than 80,000 classrooms a year are needed in the next five years." The Administration and the educationists have asked for only 60,000—but obviously this is not enough for Commissioner McMurrin. His reason for upping the ante, however, is obvious. In the last three years, the states and local communities have been adding classrooms at an annual rate of roughly 70,000 with no help or intervention from the Federal Government.

That the rate of growth of the school population between now and 1970 will drop from 46 per cent to a little over 20 per cent, creating a surplus of classrooms, gives the Office of Education a bad time. "Even if the allegation were true," the memorandum argues, "the

situation would still be bad." The logic escapes me—but of course I never went to Teachers College. All I know is what I read in the *Congressional Record*, which has been publishing letters from school boards in various parts of the country reporting that they already have too many classrooms. Other school boards remain silent, though one would expect them to be clamoring for the federal buck to rescue them from the dire need described by the educationists. Even Mr. McMurrin admits that school-board sentiment is "not known"—though one would expect the Office of Education to be completely informed on this subject if it is doing its job.

What wounds Mr. McMurrin is my contention that his agency wants to seize control of the public school system. Not true, not true, he says. It merely "advocates that its leadership be exerted through the regularly established channels of Federal-State relations"—a cannibalizing process we have seen in other fields. He fails to mention another memorandum circulated within his organization which elatedly announces that "the role of the Office of Education is going to explode in the decade ahead" and which, as I originally wrote, sketched in a plan to "develop a national policy in education" covering curricula and administration in the public schools. But he is even more deeply hurt by my charge that the educationist lobby, of which the Office of Education is a part, has used flagrantly false statistics.

Was I unfair? In 1954, the Office of Education reported a shortage of 370,000 classrooms. A poll of the states taken by the White House Conference on Education shortly thereafter showed the shortage to be only 198,000—and by 1959, the Office of Education itself had whittled down that figure to 132,000—after Congress was safely out of session. The Budget Bureau, moreover, has on at least two occasions rejected as inaccurate O. of E. reports on this shortage. In fact, educationist statistics on the classroom situation have fluctuated so wildly that they are not to be believed. Neither, for that matter, are those on the teacher shortage. The NEA predicted an end to this situation in the 1960s, and Roger Freeman testified before the Senate Education Subcommittee that "within a few years the problem is likely to be to find jobs for all teacher graduates." Employment in public education has risen 140 per cent in the last thirty years, to meet an increase in the school population of 45 per cent.

I am intrigued by Mr. McMurrin's answer to the argument that federal aid would be violative of the Tenth Amendment. Quoting the counsel for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, he says that the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution and "the power of expenditure" supersede "the other enumerated powers of Congress." If I read this correctly, and I will bow to the judgment of any competent attorney, then anything is permissible. Congress can decide that it is in the general welfare to plant an electronic device in every home, and if funds are appropriated for this purpose, the Bill of Rights becomes null and void.

There is no need to take up all the other specious arguments in the Office of Education memorandum. The federal aid-to-education drive is simply explained. In the last few years, outraged parents have begun to

insist that students be taught to read, spell and add. Because education is still locally controlled, their efforts have met with increasing success. Put education in the hands of a federal bureaucracy, and you render these reactionary, dunderhead parents impotent. After all, you can't impeach President Kennedy just because Johnny remains illiterate.

Attention: Fair Players

The following two excerpts, transcribed by Mr. H. W. Balgooyen, executive vice president of the American and Foreign Power Company, Inc., are from two typical broadcasts on Radio Cuba, one before, one after, the national election.

"Open letter to an illiterate millionaire, Mr. John F. Kennedy, candidate for the United States Presidency: For some time now, we have been following your political trajectory in your attempt to replace that decrepit and stupid old man who answers to the name of Caesar Attila Eisenhower I on the throne of the Yankee empire. . . ."

"We understand, Mr. Kennedy, that you must preach your slimy lies; but what we cannot justify and approve, idiot Mr. Kennedy, is that you use Cuba's name in your political maneuvers. You are nothing less, you imbecile, than a piece of the yoke that oppresses the United States people. As to the warning that our revolution will perish, we would like to have you come to Cuba so that we can hang you by your tongue."

We Give You Rafael

The *New York Post* ran an innocent dispatch from the *Chicago Daily News* wire service, headed "Why One Cuban Supports Castro," written by George Bryant and datelined Havana, May 18. The story is the tale of Rafael Cruz (read: Mr. Average Cuban Citizen). "I would defend the revolution to the death," the report quotes Señor Cruz as saying. "But Rafael Cruz is no revolutionary," understand. "Why then his firm decision to fight for the revolution? In part because it has given him material returns, but mainly because it has given him dignity and equality . . . Three years ago Rafael could not have entered the major hotels, the best restaurants, the tourist resorts. Today he [and his wife] are eating in the swank dining room of the plush Riviera Hotel. 'Even if we could have afforded it before, we would not have

been allowed in,' says Rafael . . . [who] is a colored factory worker. 'Today we can hold our heads up. That is worth defending.' But there are other considerations. Before the revolution Rafael, who works in a shoe factory, earned \$4 for a day that often ran 14 to 16 hours. Today he earns \$10 for an eight-hour day . . . For the first time, too, he can see the beauties of Cuba. Hundreds of miles of beautiful beaches once private and exclusive have been opened to the public. So have the luxury clubs and abandoned mansions . . . As Rafael admits, he knows nothing of politics, of communism, or capitalism . . . He only knows that the revolution offers him entry to a new world and it's a world he wants to keep. 'I would defend the revolution to the death,' says Rafael. He means it."

It is probably the understatement of the decade that Rafael knows nothing about politics. He doesn't know anything about morality, either, nor about the principles of liberty—but never mind Rafael. The *Chicago Daily News* writer who filed that story, and the managing editors who published it, are the moral idiots there is reason to worry about. What would one think of a newspaper editor who ran the following dispatch: "Before he came, I used to have to work ten hours a day to make half what I make now, working eight hours a day. Now, with the competition removed, I am much better off. What's more, I can go through and see all those beautiful art masterpieces they kept hoarded in their private mansions. I'll fight to the death—even though I know nothing about politics—for Adolf Hitler. His elimination of the Jews has changed my life."

It is not only the callousness of the story, it is the sheer fabrication. The average person in Cuba has less to spend now than he had three years ago, less by far. The national income is down by between one-third and one-half. Unemployment is at an all-time high; the military budget is trebled; inflation has reduced the value of the peso by over 50 per cent; the jails and concentration camps are fuller than ever before in Cuban history. Even our nonpolitical friend Rafael may be carried away to a concentration camp if one of his liberated brothers gets a yen for his wife, and files an anonymous report with the secret police that Rafael is really a gringo-lover.

Or maybe the innocent Rafael, who knows just nothing about politics, is in fact a member of the elite, of the new privileged class in the Communized society, the class of political spies and insiders? (They are generally the ones who occupy the grand hotels and the beaches.) More likely he is the Potemkin exhibitor, the showcase Cuban, the man put on display for dumb Americans to talk to and write about. No doubt the gentlemen of the press could during the late thirties have found one or two exhibi-

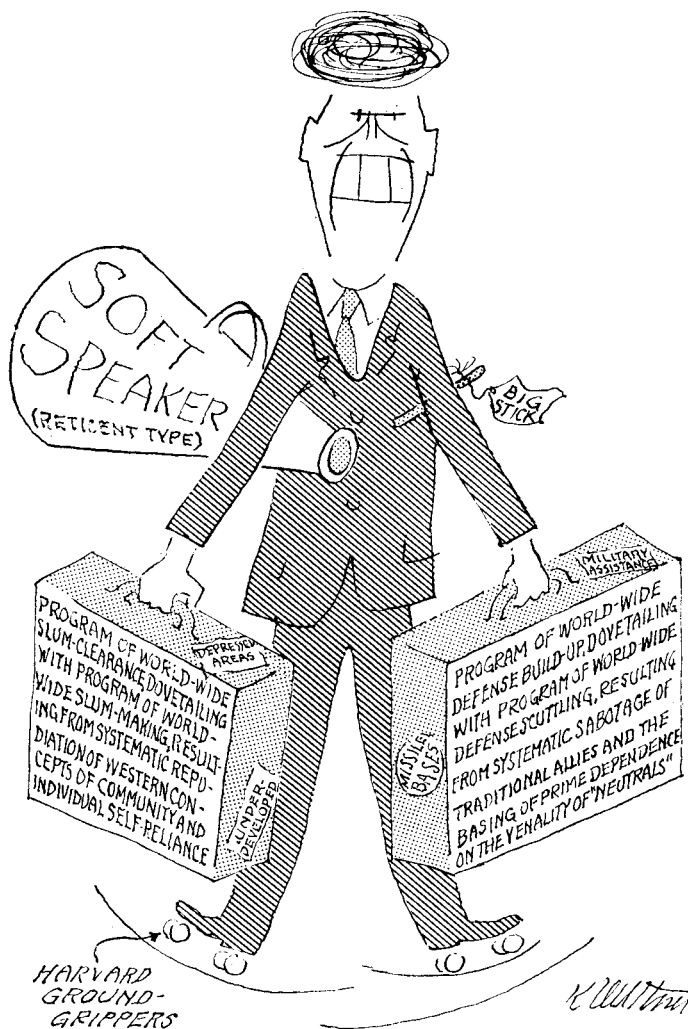
tion Jews to talk about the raptures of life under Hitler. Only they wouldn't have got their mischievous drivel into print, except in the fever-swamp press.

'...They Have Had It up to Here'

A reader of NATIONAL REVIEW, a scholar with profound insights, believes that ahead of us lies a period which will in time come to be known as *The Revolt Against the Masses*. Last week we received a letter from a man "who lives among and is one of the little people." It describes the pressures that are building and could lead to such a result.

Gentlemen:

I have read James Burnham's "Strategy of Dissolution" (NATIONAL REVIEW, March 11) many times over.



"As I was saying before the e'lection, I can't stress too much the importance of sitting down with Khrushchev, standing up with Nkrumah, stooping over with Nehru, leaning back with Castro, lying down with Sukarno and crawling around with Hammarshkjold, because I intend to be a full-time president!"

It's the best summation of the situation I have read anywhere.

The question is, "Where do we go from here?" The Kennedys and the Nixons and the other out-of-touch young men believe that we must go on civil righting our civilization to death. But they don't know the true temper of the people. I am referring to the little people who ride the buses and street cars and subways; the little people who put up with muggings, rapings, beatings, stabbings, and murderings; the little people who, when the criminals are caught, are told that as "culturally handicapped" victims of white society the criminals had every justification for committing their crimes.

As a man who lives among and is one of these little people, I can aver that they have had it up to here. The common topic of discussion—just as surely as the sun rises and sets every day—at veterans' meetings and sports gatherings and family get-togethers is the increasing savagery of the savages among us. Almost always someone present has been a victim of a savage attack or has a relative or neighbor who has been a victim.

Last week I heard one cynical Legionnaire say, "We're in more danger than the pioneers ever were. When night fell, they closed the gates of the stockade. They knew the savages were outside. Nowadays when night falls, we know we've got 'em roamin' around inside with us. What's worse, they're armed, and we're not. And worst of all, one of 'em is caught attacking a woman and a Civil Liberties lawyer gets him off. The woman victim is maligned by the lawyer as being little better than a prostitute, while the arresting cop is lucky if he gets off without losing his job." After such statements—and you'll always hear one in that vein—everybody nods in agreement, and invariably someone says, "But what can we do about it? Who can we join?"

The word "join" is popping up more and more. The little people recognize that for all his savagery the savage is well organized. In fact, his organized state encourages him to greater savagery. So the little people are in a joining mood. The only reason that they haven't joined is simply because there is no organization around interested in solving their major problem. When they do join, it will be with an organization way to the right—violently right if the man who guarantees to solve their problem is also violently right.

Now this is as bad in my mind as ending up as far to the left, sitting on Jimmy Roosevelt's lap. I think it's a problem of communications. Most of the people I know believe in the things NATIONAL REVIEW stands for, right down the line. Trouble is, they don't read much beyond their newspapers. But they'll listen to you people talk. And what's more, they'll understand you. So keep up your TV appearances. And as much as you can, get around and talk to audiences of these little people. They need your guidance.

Philadelphia

Sincerely,
John Wyndham

Amherst Gets its Money

When Edward McKinney died in 1957, he left in his will a bequest of \$200,000 as a scholarship fund for Amherst College, to be used by "deserving American-born, Protestant Gentile boys of good moral repute, but not given to gambling, smoking, drinking or similar acts." Amherst, arguing that its charter forbade discrimination, refused the bequest unless the "Protestant Gentile" restriction were removed. The New Jersey Supreme Court, last April 10th, ruled that the restriction be dropped. It said that Mr. McKinney's interest in Amherst had exceeded his interest in Protestantism; for he had been an active alumnus but had not gone to church.

The New Jersey Supreme Court, therefore, says 1) it's all right for Mr. McKinney to discriminate against boys who gamble, smoke, and drink, whether or not Mr. McKinney himself gambled, or smoked, or drank; 2) it's taboo for Mr. McKinney to discriminate against boys who are not Protestant or not Gentile, because Mr. McKinney was a Gentile who did not go to church; 3) going to church is the ultimate proof of religious fervor, the life of St. Francis to the contrary notwithstanding; 4) Amherst simply *had* to get the money.

Such a decision cheapens all intellectual efforts to put the world into perspective. To make sense out of things a man must classify, choose, and order them according to his lights. It is quite possible to argue the superiority of Protestantism over all other faiths—indeed, the British monarchy and much of American and English literature draw their strength from this shared position. It is not a frivolous assertion; a man brought up in its climate imbibes it insensibly; and he has a right to pass it on.

But it is difficult to argue the superiority over all other boys of boys who do not drink, smoke and gamble. One could hold these taboos as a matter of faith if one were, for instance, a Mormon: in which case, would the New Jersey Supreme Court reject these restrictions also?

And on what ground does the Court find that a man who doesn't go to church *cannot* give money to support those who do? Can a man who is not a mathematician give money to scholarship students of mathematics? Can a Gentile give money for scholarships for Jews? Can a Catholic give to a Protestant? Can America grant aid to India and Africa?

Since when do a man's habits overrule his conclusions? If he is converted at the end of his life, must we argue that, statistically speaking, he died an atheist?

The learned gentlemen of the New Jersey Supreme Court have raised these questions. It will be some time before they can answer them.

For the Record

Private investigators who have been working on the General Walker-Overseas Weekly controversy think they have uncovered the not-so-fine hand of the CIA again. Capitol Hill is beginning to investigate. . . . Latest of the current series of anti-German books ("Will there be a Fourth Reich?" the heading under which it is being advertised) is John Dornberg's Schizophrenic Germany. Dornberg, news editor of the Overseas Weekly, claims personal credit for "uncovering" Gen. Walker's alleged Birchism. . . . Gen. Walker is reported to have received "more than 500 letters" of encouragement as result of a single editorial on the case in NATIONAL REVIEW.

From inside the CIO: The Tractors for Cuba Committee planned ten days ago to send Walter Reuther to Cuba to work out details of the exchange. . . . Large contributions to the fund are expected from at least two tax-exempt foundations which have been suspected conduits for CIA money in the past. . . . Herbert Matthews of N.Y. Times, speaking at University of Michigan May 3, blamed the "emotionalism" with which U.S. press covered the executions in Cuba following Castro's takeover for the adverse publicity which "forced" Castro to turn left. ("There is no sure anchor for the journalist in this stormy world except his integrity," said Castro PR-man Matthews.) . . . Two South American governments (Peru, Ecuador) furious over U.S. ambassadors sent them, both of whom have widespread Communist-front affiliations.

Secretary of Commerce Hodges in hot water on the Hill. Congressmen irate over secrecy surrounding granting of export licenses for strategic goods to Iron Curtain countries, particularly Russia. . . . Farm experts believe recent heavy buying by the Netherlands of grain means the grain is destined for the hard-pressed satellites. . . . Note to Messrs. Kennedy and Ribicoff: Great Britain, with socialized medicine, spends 4.5 per cent of its Gross National Product on medical care each year; the U.S., with its system of private medical care, devotes 5.2 per cent of its GNP to medical care.

The Third World War

Sleeping Sentries

JAMES BURNHAM

Vienna

When you have visited the great galleries of London, Paris, Rome, Munich, Madrid, New York, Amsterdam, The Hague, Washington, Naples . . . , it can begin to seem that all of the masterpieces of Western painting have been funneled, along with the swarming masses, the money and luxury and power, into the colossal world-cities that characterize our epoch as they have a number of other epochs long since buried under the storms of time. As you walk through the scores of rooms of the Prado, the Louvre, of London's or our own National Gallery, it seems incredible that mankind should have been able to produce so many hundreds of works of almost absolute genius as hang, one after another, along the walls of these central banks of aesthetic deposit.

The irresistible joy and wonder at the multitudinous beauties which these walls offer the passer-by can become cloyed, in certain moods, not only from a sense of surfeit at so rich a perceptual diet, but by a tenuous feeling that the feast as served up from these gleaming kitchens lacks an essential vitamin, that there is a trace of hospital-corridor sterility in the air. That faint uneasiness does not deceive. Prime ingredients are indeed missing: in particular, except as reconstructed in the mind of the beholder, Place and Time. These paintings (until we come to our own generation, when a museum has become the destined home, from first conception, for many paintings) were not made to hang together at one time on one set of walls. They came into being at diverse and usually unrelated moments over two



Burnham

thousand years of time and thousands of miles of space. They were commissioned to cover the walls and ceilings of churches, cloisters and monastic cells, to rise above altar stones and tombs, to adorn the closets or great halls of castles, city halls, country houses and palaces, to decorate a villa or a grotto; and some (after painters began to make portable easel pictures five hundred years ago) to hang here and there on the walls of the rich and powerful and clever. In the great museums we are granted the incomparable vision of what no men had ever seen until the huge general collections began to be formed a couple of centuries ago: not single works of art of this or that individual man, but Art as a form of life, as the continuous spiritual creation of mankind over the millennia. But we pay the cost in the abstraction of the works from the fullness of existence.

That is why there is a special kind of excitement, and in the end the reward of a special kind of seeing, when we follow the spoor of a great work of art to its own Place, or at any rate, own kind of place; and, though we cannot literally reach its own Time until our scientists break the speed-of-light barrier, to its Time as bodied forth in the layers of matter that define its Place. This sort of hunting is no longer so easy as it was even two decades ago. Not only have the museums ransacked so many of the Places. Mass tourism has turned most of the authentic Places into museums. Few works of painting could be ranged over the frescoes of the life of St. Francis that Giotto and his pupils fashioned on the walls of the upper church of the basilica at Assisi. But looking at them a week ago, it was impossible to keep the eyes as well as mind from blurring from the effects of the Flemish priest-guide shouting all about them (I suppose that was what he was shouting) to his two busloads of compatriots, the Germans checking every item off

in their guidebooks and pulling strings of photographic equipment out of large leather cases, the few middle-aged Americans dutifully but unhappily submitting to the local leeches who had fastened on them.

But the quarry can still be brought down at hundreds of places. Sometimes it is near at hand, but for some reason usually overlooked: like the sixth-century mosaic in the apse of the little church of Saints Cosmos and Damian, with the jeweled background to its serene saints and Pope and Christ and sheep the most wonderful blue in the world, which locates its Time and the meaning of its Time by rising in the very precincts of the Roman Forum's *Templum Sacrae Urbis*, and by using the round Temple of Divus Romulus as its own vestibule.

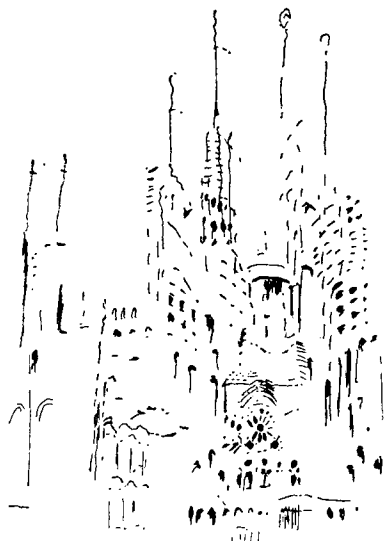
If further afield, it is seldom very far from a beaten track—nowhere in Europe, after all, is very far from anywhere. Verona is worth visiting for a hundred brilliant buildings, monuments, squares, facades made known to half the world by the movie, a few years ago, of *Romeo and Juliet*. An easy walk along the river and through narrow streets lined with tiny shops takes you to the outskirts of the town and the square of San Zeno, where you face a majestic brown Romanesque church, flanked by a heavy fourteenth-century tower and a high Romanesque campanile. You enter through lofty doors plated with the most delightful of darkened thirteenth-century brass reliefs telling stories of the Christ-child, saints, lords and peasants. Beyond the calm, exactly proportioned nave is the raised, very high main altar, backed by the marvelous triptych that is—or, in its own true Place, there, must seem to be—Mantegna's masterpiece: the Virgin, whose miraculously combined beauty, strength, joy and compassion are unmarred by the sentimentality that Perugino, Andrea del Sarto, Parmigiana and Raphael too often allowed to weaken the pretty peasant faces of their myriad Virgins, stands with her Child in the center panel. On each side panel she is attended by four tall, strong saints of the same lineage as those who stand in Cimabue, Giotto, Piero della Francesca, Masaccio, in Titian a little

later; three small panels below depict the agony in the garden, the crucifixion, the resurrection; and near the top of the large panels, linking the two sides with the center, is one of those entrancing garlands of flowers and fruits that are so frequently Mantegna's mark.

The detour to San Sepolcro, thirty miles east of Perugia, is a bit more obscure, but San Sepolcro was Piero's birthplace. We had lunch in a plain upstairs restaurant, of good plain risotto, tough ancient hen and dry pleasant local wine. When we had finished, there was still an hour to go before the lunch-and-siesta-shut doors of an Italian town would open, but a cheerful man in some sort of uniform appeared in the little piazza. He had a key to the small, old city hall, much battered and crumbled by the last as by so many earlier wars. He let us into a high, arched-ceiling, well-lighted room, white-washed, in mid-repair, with broken Etruscan and Roman statues and big, ugly post-Renaissance paintings propped against the side walls. But on the wall that faced us as the door opened was Piero's fresco of the Resurrection, which we had so often seen in reproduction, surely one of the very greatest of the world's paintings. The dazzling geometry of its structure is like a theorem in Riemann made visible, or Plato's Form of the Good seen by the physical eye as well as by the soul. Directly across, at a square ninety degrees to the beholding eyes, are the planes and space and masses of the heavy stone sepulchre, its flat stone top sprung open and lying now at an angle that reveals the dark within. In front of the tomb, leaning on it, on their weapons and each other and their own limbs, are the four Roman guards, richly uniformed, well-armed, sleeping, as if drugged or bemused, at their eternally critical post. And behind the stone coffin, but with one firm foot on its forward edge, stands the risen Christ—a Christ that has none of the physical weakness or effeminacy with which He is so often painted. Piero's risen Christ has thrown His shroud, like a cloak, over His shoulder, to reveal a spear-slashed breast that, though gaunt, is strong and hard-muscled; in His right hand He holds the standard of an unfurled white banner, quartered

by a red cross; His glance, directed straight out, is majestic, terrible, almost—through the effect of those eyes that seem to stare to infinity without particular focus—obsessive.

A great work of art has an inexhaustible variety of meanings. Piero's fresco is first of all a painting, integrally organized and unified in terms of line and color and shape and texture. And it is a religious vision



too, of course, of staggering profundity. Its dramatic and human meanings, specified or suggested, will never be fully numbered. As I reflected afterward on what I had seen, I found myself adding to these an allegorical perspective that seemed inescapable, though it becomes banal when put in words instead of colors and space. What we are looking at in Piero's picture, among so many other things, is the power and wealth and luxury of Rome gone soft and sluggish, asleep instead of alert and on guard. The closed eyes of the sentries in their handsome dress cannot see, do not even try to see, the fierce Phoenix rising from the gathering ashes of their world.

It was in Modena, the next day, that I found myself led to reflections in such terms. Modena, like the other towns of central and northern Italy, is prosperous beyond the dreams of any earlier generation of Italians. The streets are filled with cars and shiny new buses. The shops are piled with food, and the restaurants offer every sort of goody to eat and drink. Everyone, from factory worker to Mayor, has new clothes; the bombed buildings have been much more than

replaced by new apartments and factories and offices. And strung high across the main street of Modena, as of the other towns, is a large banner of the Italian Communist Party, not far from the sister banners of the Christian Democrats, of Pietro Nenni's pro-Communist Socialists, and sometimes (of smaller size) of the Liberal Party. And Modena, like not a few of the other towns, has a Communist Mayor, with whom everyone, or nearly everyone, shakes hands and drinks aperitifs and discusses the crops and prices and the weather.

The sentries, the citizens of Italy—of Europe, of all the Western world—are not physically sleeping, of course: very much the contrary, indeed, for never has there been so much rushing about; increased mobility seems to be the most valued potential of all won by the jump over a subsistence standard of living that so much of the Western world has made in the postwar years. It is the spirit that sleepeth, in the coarse sleep of the glutton. What if the trade with Russia gives her the machines her armies need and the profits which, skillfully funneled, nourish her Italian agents? From that trade we Italians get cheaper gasoline for our new cars and Vespas, and some of us get, in addition, pretty piles of lire. Hasn't England always lived as a nation of successful shopkeepers? What is the objection, then, to the \$6 million British Trade Fair in Moscow, and the sales of plant and equipment that we English drummers have booked?

Nowhere is the sleep more delicious, the dreams more ravishing, than in this enchanted, enchanting city. The scars of the war and the occupation in Vienna are healed or forgotten. The hotels are the most luxurious (and most expensive) in the world. The rich coffee topped with whipped cream, the seraphic pastries and chocolate, are back in the cafés. The gypsies play in the restaurants, while still more bottles of wine and beer are opened, as long as the customers wish to linger. And this is the month of the Music Festival, with every morning and afternoon and evening crowded with opera and symphony and operetta, quartets and singers and pianists playing always the best and loveliest music.

(Continued on p. 381)

Why I'm For Right-to-Work

He'd be working on the railroad yet except for one thing: he crossed the union bosses and that, under the B&O's union shop pact, meant the Brotherhood could get him fired.

LAFAYETTE A. HOOSER

I was born in Indianapolis. Spent most of my life there. My father was an engineer on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad and my grandfather before him was also a railroader. As a little boy, I loved to climb up into the cab of Dad's long-bellied Baldwin Big Wheeler and gaze out the front window at the tracks leading away to everywhere. After graduation from high school in 1935, I picked up temporary jobs for a couple of years and then settled into a permanent spot with an Indianapolis department store in 1937. But when you've got two generations of railroading in your blood, you can't forget it. I started pressing Dad to get me a job railroading. In October 1939 the call came, and I was the happiest guy in the whole sprawling Indianapolis yards of the B&O. I was an apprentice fireman!

Becoming a union member was part of the thrill. Dad had always been proud of his union card, and I was proud of mine, the proof of my membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen. I was moving up on my way to being a full-fledged engineer when World War II broke out.

Betty and I were married in 1941. I joined the Army and was soon stoking engines all over England—and, before it was over, I had hauled everything from tanks to troops across Normandy and even into Germany, sometimes under artillery fire.

After the war I went right back to the B&O. I had kept my union membership active, the GI Bill recognized my locomotive work while in uniform and helped my seniority, I had studied every phase of engineering, and had had good experience. This all paid off. Within a short time I passed the exams, and it was a great day in the Hooser family when I

came home a full-fledged engineer.

I began to take an active part in the affairs of my union (the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers). And the more I learned, the more I was disturbed, because it was clear that the real power rested with a few self-perpetuating officials who almost completely dominated the entire membership. I wasn't ambitious for union office; the union was one of the things that affected my job, that's all, and I always tried to find out as much as I could about all aspects of my work.

In 1951 the Brotherhood and the B&O signed a contract that provided—for the first time—for compulsory union membership. Many of us in my union opposed this "union shop" clause. The union officials ignored us. But they did want the full support of as many members as possible, and to this end they circulated a report that said the membership dues would be reduced under a "union shop" agreement, because more employees would be paying dues. Here's what happened: at the date of the contract, November 1951, my dues were \$7.30 a month; next April they were \$8.30; by December 1954 they had jumped to \$9.75; and I'm told they have gone on up to \$12.00.

Independent Union Formed

Not long after the signing of the "union shop" agreement, many railroad workers who sensed the danger of concentrating power in the hands of a few union officials began to talk and make plans together. I heard about the movement when plans were already pretty far along toward forming a new union. Looking into it, I found that the new union was what a union should be—the constitution and by-laws and statement of

founding principles and purposes gave the privilege of a secret ballot to the full union membership in nominations, elections, and the formulation of policy. The union was named the United Railway Operating Crafts, and it offered membership to all railway personnel in the five major crafts.

I thought I knew what would hit us if I broke with the Brotherhood and crusaded for the new independent and democratic UROC. Betty and I talked it over, many times, late into the night. By then our daughter, Helen Ann, was four years old, and it seemed to us that if we had gladly fought a war to allow her to grow up in freedom we should be willing to take some rough treatment at home, in times of peace, in order to resist encroachments on our liberty.

In July 1952 I stopped paying dues to the Brotherhood and continued my affiliation with the new union. I campaigned actively among my fellow railroad workers. In a short time we had members scattered through the nation, and the union was certified on several railroad properties over the country under provisions of the Railway Labor Act.

Then, as we expected, the brickbats flew. We were called everything under the sun. We were misfits, ingrates, traitors. The union bosses put pressure on the members to blackball us. In the circle of her life-time friends, Betty was subjected to the unpleasant results of the union's revenge on my determination to live as a free man.

About 300 of my fellow railroaders had stopped paying dues to the Brotherhood and had joined the new union. In August 1952 every one of us received a form letter from R. L. Harvey in Baltimore, manager of labor relations for the B&O. The let-

ter said that H. A. Curtis, general chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, had cited the recipient for failure "to comply with terms of the union shop agreement." Unless the citation was challenged and a hearing requested at once, we would be fired on September 20 and our seniority would be abolished.

The hearing was held at Indianapolis on September 18. The Brotherhood officials alleged that our new union was not national in scope; that, therefore, our membership in it and our paying dues to it did not satisfy the provisions of a union shop agreement consummated under the Railway Labor Act. The regional director of our new union, E. B. Murray, acted as my counsel. He showed documentation to prove that under any legal requirement the UROC had demonstrated its national character and reach, and he pointed out that the National Labor Relations Act does not deny employees the right to join, organize, or assist in organizing a new union.

According to the contract a decision had to be made and announced within ten days. Nothing happened. I went on working, and so did my 300 fellow members of UROC. After about a year, the grapevine had it that the members of UROC ought to apply for readmission to the Brotherhood just to make sure of their job security. In November 1953, along with the hundreds of other members of UROC, I submitted a formal application to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen, which had asked for our discharge fourteen months before. My application and my check for the \$5.00 fee were promptly sent back. The Brotherhood explained that I was unacceptable because of my membership in UROC.

This was a lie, because some 225 members of UROC were accepted back into the Brotherhood at the same time. The real reason was that the union bosses had investigated every member of UROC, build up dossiers on each of us, and discovered who were the leaders of the movement. There were 84 leaders. The Brotherhood turned down the applications of these 84.

I kept on campaigning on behalf of our union, and in time we grew

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to have a national membership of 15,000. I represented UROC members in grievances against the company—finding myself, once, opposing a representative of my old union, the Brotherhood. I applied for readmission to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and, finally, was accepted. I thought that the threat of discharge was ended.

But on November 15, 1954 another letter from R. L. Harvey popped out of the blue. "I advise you," he said, "that effective November 21, 1954, your employment relationship with this Carrier will be terminated and your service record will be marked: 'November 21, 1954—Dropped account failure to comply with the terms of Union Shop Agreement effective November 1, 1951, between the Baltimore and Ohio Railway Company and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen.'" This was the decision that should have been handed down within ten days after the hearing of September 18, 1952. Mr. Harvey referred to the hearing but made no explanation of his two-year delay in violation of the contract.

All 84 members of UROC who had originally been rejected by the Brotherhood received the same dismissal letter. Obviously the Brotherhood had decided that the leaders of the UROC were a threat to their own power. They wanted to make an example of us. And the company went along with the union bosses.

More than 200 members of UROC were also dues-paying members of the Brotherhood. These men asked the Brotherhood to represent us at a hearing in Baltimore. The Brother-

hood refused. So we went to Baltimore to represent ourselves before the union that had demanded our discharge and the company that had discharged us. We knew what their decision would be.

On January 3, 1955 I was notified in a letter from the B&O that I would be fired on January 13. Two days later I filed suit, along with the other 83 who were being discharged, in the Superior Court of Marion County, requesting a court hearing and trial. Money for court costs was donated, voluntarily and spontaneously, by many members of the Brotherhood, who thought we were being treated unjustly and who believed we had a right to work for UROC even if they didn't agree with us.

"Revenge . . . Discrimination"

The judge granted a temporary injunction, holding up the discharges. More than a year later, in February 1956, Judge H. B. Pike handed down his decision. Regretfully deciding that his court had no jurisdiction in the case, he said, "This is a most unpleasant opinion to render, for in a cause in equity the Court is obliged to make a ruling that in his opinion will work an injustice upon each and all of the parties involved in this litigation. . . . Just as in times past it was wrong for an employer to discharge an employee because he joined a labor organization, so it is wrong for a labor organization to cause the discharge of an employee because he joined a rival labor organization. Revenge, retaliation and discrimination are not equity. In my opinion public sentiment will be against such an action, and if the closed shop contract permits the discharge of employees as is shown by the evidence in this case, one may expect this fact to be used in advocacy of Right-to-Work laws." So



There Must Have Been A Flicker in the Woodpile

The Ivory-Towered Social Planner
Labor Birds are setting;
Let's grab binocs and see what sort
of offspring they're begetting.

But what is this—what have we here?—
A misbegotten freak!
They've hatched a Lead-Tailed Meretricious
Thirty-Hour Week!

No duck or goose this scrawny bird,
poor pitiful anomaly;
It's going to take a brace of these
to feed the average family!

ELEANOR MELLICHAMP SMITH

we couldn't get to court; the injunction was dissolved; and the axe was ready to fall.

On March 22, 1956, the final letter came from R. L. Harvey. Two days later, as I swung down from engine #347 in the yards at Indianapolis, I met the Road Foreman of Engines, Mr. Robert Scheid. It was 7:45 in the morning, and this was the man who, with a copy of instructions in his hand, was going to make sure that I got off the railroad's property and never came back.

Finding another job wasn't easy. A top personnel man told me, "Lafe, you are in trouble. Those companies that are dealing with unions will be afraid to hire you for fear of the unions' reprisal action, and those that have no unions will shy away from you because you might draw intensified union organizational efforts on their company." Oh yes, people admired my stand in behalf of freedom, but they wanted to admire it at arm's length. This attitude is so widespread that I'm frightened to think about it.

We went through our cash reserves. I did some temporary work for the Indiana Right-to-Work Committee, which I had helped to found and incorporate shortly before I left the railroad. In May 1957 I heard that the Louisville & Nashville was hiring firemen. I knew that it was one of the few roads that supported the Right-to-Work idea. I went to Louisville, was hired as a fireman,

at a rate \$2,000 less than my engineer's pay, worked five days, and was sent home on furlough due to lack of work and was not called back until May 1958. In the meanwhile I kept our heads above water by speaking, writing, and heading up the workers' section of the Indiana Right-to-Work Committee. Indiana passed its Right-to-Work law in 1957. Eventually I joined the National Right-to-Work Committee staff.

The Right-to-Work law is a protection against laborism—the blind concentration of dictatorial power in the hands of a few irresponsible and self-perpetuating union bosses. Not many people in the labor movement want laborism, but they are getting it rammed down their throats anyway—as attested by the thousands and thousands of scribbled notes received by the McClellan Committee, notes from union members all over the country asking for protection from the union bosses. They are getting what they don't want, because they are apathetic and afraid. They will not guard their freedoms.

Every man, woman and child in America has a stake in the principle of free choice, in the towering importance of man's right to get and hold a job without being forced into unwanted association and coerced payment of funds over which he has no control.

But there are signs that we are waking up. Nineteen states now have

Right-to-Work laws. Fifteen other states are coming along with intelligently organized efforts to get Right-to-Work laws passed. The National Right-to-Work Committee, founded in 1955, is dedicated to one thing: preserving men's right to work regardless of their union status. With 15,000 members now, the National Committee is working effectively to preserve section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, which permits states to pass Right-to-Work laws; to provide guidance and help to state Right-to-Work movements; to lay the groundwork for a Constitutional Amendment to guarantee this basic human right.

People often ask me, "But what can I do?" I think the best answer is this:

You can act like a free man and a citizen.

THIRD WORLD WAR

(Continued from p. 378)

Not a note of the Spring Concerto wavered as the K's moved toward their Summit. The smiling sleep was immunized by the further dream of eternal neutrality. The selection of Vienna for the encounter meant, so the dreamers dreamed, that this wished-for condition was now recognized and affirmed by the great contestants. The sleepers snuggled back into the visions of the fabled Congress of a century and nearly a half ago, when the night-long dancing, champagne, music and love filled the hours between the elegant formalities of the diplomatic sessions.

So the first among the sleepwalkers, lids fallen, drugged into paralyzed and impotent sloth by the sentimental syrups of his courtier ideologists, wafts in, like a dreaming bride sailing through a Chagall sky, from the West.

The analogy with Piero's picture is not to be pressed too closely. This time the terrible, staring form that rises above the sleeping sentries and the opened tomb—if it is a tomb—is of Anti-Christ, not the Savior. The banner he unfurls proclaims the message, not of hope springing from the darkness, of redemption, freedom and eternal life, but of slavery and death, and a degradation much worse than death.

Adenauer Looks Like a Winner

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The battle for the German election in September is shaping up with an unusual amount of venom and vehemence. From an ideological and psychological point of view this struggle is quite as interesting, though less sinister in its final implication, as the internal developments in Italy. The ruling party, the CDU-CSU, has entered the battle with a glowing optimism which Dr. Adenauer has tried to dampen in an effort to get a maximum elec-



Kuehnelt-Leddihn

tioning effort from his men and a decisive victory. Continued prosperity; the phenomenal rise in the price of Volkswagen shares (up 250 per cent in three weeks time); the premium paid to savers who have seen the *Deutschmark* jump 5 per cent in value; the accelerated building of superhighways and the electrification of the railroads (at long last in the black!)—all these enhance the popularity of the ruling party. The CDU, indeed, has only personality problems, among them: the personal animosity of Adenauer and Erhard, the steady rise of the tough and ambitious Franz Joseph Strauss, plus minor frictions in the lower party echelons.

The importance of the forthcoming election is much greater for the Socialists than it is for the CDU, which recently scored a surprisingly lopsided triumph at the polls in industrial North-Rhine Westphalia. The German Socialist Party has, as have all Socialist parties in the West, a Marxist past which the machine politicians are now busily disowning since Marxist-Communism has proved such a grave handicap in vote-getting. It is also evident now that West Germany's form of free enterprise delivers the goods far bet-

ter than do the Communist states east of the Iron Curtain. Consequently, the German Social Democrats, as they still prefer to call themselves, have become a mildly bourgeois Me-Too party. However, the radical element could, if circumstances warranted, assume a dominant position within the Party. At the moment, however, the Social Democrats are playing down their Red past and are trying desperately to attract the ever-growing German middle class.

Many of the Socialist leaders who thought the Party needed a personable leader, if it was to have a chance against Adenauer and the CDU, and who picked West Berlin's Mayor Willi Brandt as that leader, are not so happy today about that choice. The German political system does not provide for the individual glamor candidate; the voters are given a choice of party lists and choose the party, not the man. The Socialists, in choosing a figurehead, in dramatizing a known politician as their leader, have made a psychological approach to the electors along the Anglo-Saxon line of the personal candidacy. And this may have been an error. Ideologies, indeed, have receded for the moment and faces taken the foreground.

Many Socialists fear Brandt will prove less magnetic to the voters than they had estimated. He has been subjected to what might be called a "smear" campaign (although the line between smearing and revealing in this case is very close). The Germans have been informed that Herr Brandt spent the worst years of Nazism as a refugee abroad—a distinct handicap over here—while Adenauer stayed in Germany and was at one time arrested by the Gestapo: a distinct political asset. Even more important, it has been pointed out that in his youth Herr Brandt preferred adventure to safety and demonstrated this by joining the "forces of democracy" in the Spanish Civil War. He has

made several, unfortunately not identical, statements about this phase of his life. And finally, the fact that Brandt was born out of wedlock has been widely bruited. Herr Brandt is young; he has an attractive wife, but Berlin and Berliners, while today real symbols of anti-Communist resistance, are not too popular throughout the rest of Germany—just as the Viennese are not universally admired by other Austrians or the *Madriileños* by provincial Spaniards.

I just met a German in Munich who told me thoughtfully that the recent reverses of President Kennedy had had a most negative effect on the chances of a Socialist victory. When I evinced surprise—indeed, total incomprehension—he smiled at my lack of imagination. Eisenhower, Adenauer and the former Socialist leader Ollenhauer have been represented as "old men," as *passé*, he said. This was the time for young blood to take over. America had demonstrated it by voting in Kennedy; and Germany, in order to keep in step, was now being urged to do the same, to decide for the moderate leftist, progressive party with an elegant, smiling young man at the helm, a logical replacement of the "sterile conservatism of the old-timers." A good theory until the disastrous first months of the Kennedy regime upset the diagnosis—a fact which may well effect the prospects of the German Socialist Party.

What will happen if the Socialists are again defeated? Interestingly enough, some Germans of the moderate Right are not too happy about such a development and even dread a resounding Socialist defeat—let us say a retreat to 30 or 31 per cent of the vote, which would dash practically all their hopes. The result of such a serious setback would be an end of the Me-Too policy with an ensuing radicalization of the Party. The outlawed German Communists, working underground efficiently and methodically, are now instructing their adherents *not* to vote Socialist with this very development in mind.

There is also the possibility of a real split in the Socialist Party—not such a remote possibility if one considers the strong divergence of views among the various Socialist bosses in their strongly organized bailiwicks.

An Interview with Chiang Kai-shek

Is there a chance of revolution on the mainland? Would Free China support it? What will happen if the U.S. recognizes Red China? Chiang Kai-shek gives frank answers to all these questions.

MARVIN LIEBMAN

Q. United States support of the Republic of China as the true representative of all the Chinese people rests on the supposition that there is a real possibility that the Peiping regime will collapse.

1. Is there any likelihood of a people's revolution against the Peiping regime?

A. In the history of any nation, especially that of China, no tyrannical dictatorship had lasted long without being overthrown by the people rising in revolution. To doubt this historical truth is tantamount to denying the civilized man's determination and capability to fight for freedom and justice. Personally I am absolutely confident that the people on

the Chinese mainland not only can, but definitely will, rise against the Communist regime. People in the free world should bear in mind that the Communist regime is but a transient phenomenon.

2. What chance of success would such a revolution have? Will the opportunity for a popular uprising against Peiping become better as time goes by—or worse?

A. Following its serious economic, particularly agricultural, failures, the Chinese Communist regime is resorting to greater repressive measures. There is now a greater likelihood of a full-scale anti-Communist revolution on the mainland. However, in view of the Communists'

ruthlessness, the difficulties confronting such a revolution should not be underestimated. The Hungarian uprising is an object lesson, which should indicate that any early success of anti-Communist revolution on the Chinese mainland must also depend upon coordinated support from without. Herein lies the *raison d'être* of the existence of a free China. Had there been a free Hungarian government either inside or outside the territory of Hungary when the Hungarian freedom fighters struck, the historical development of Eastern Europe and even of the whole world would have followed an entirely different course. The crux of the problem, therefore, is not whether there will be an opportunity for the people on the Chinese mainland to rise in revolution against the Communists, but whether there will be enough resolution and sense of responsibility on the part of the free world to enable it to take full advantage of such an opportunity whenever it should present itself.

Q. If a spontaneous uprising against the Peiping regime were to erupt on the mainland, and the United States refused to take any action, would your Government take unilateral military action to help overthrow the Communists?

A. When the day arrives, the Government of the Republic of China will of course take effective actions to fulfill its sacred obligation of delivering the Chinese people on the mainland from the Communist yoke. We have no reason to believe that countries friendly to us, including the United States, would deliberately hinder us from carrying out this mission of helping the enslaved millions to regain their freedom. Despite the heavy price to be paid, Abraham Lin-



coln did not hesitate to take determined action for the sake of human freedom to free the slaves who constituted only a minority of the population in the United States. Today, with the great majority of our people living in unprecedented slavery and starvation on the mainland, how could our Government refuse to rescue them from total destruction?

Q. Why has your Government supported proposals for alleviating the famine on the mainland? Don't you think that discontent among the people will make the regime's hold less and less secure?

A. It is out of fraternal compassion and humanitarian considerations that we have supported proposals and measures for relieving the famine-stricken people on the Chinese mainland. We cannot let our compatriots on the mainland starve without trying to help them.

Q. What is Free China doing to protect Chinese in other parts of Southeast Asia from intimidation by the Communists?

A. It has been the basic policy of the Government of the Republic of China to encourage Chinese residents in Southeast Asia to live in harmony with people of their adopted countries and to cooperate with the governments concerned, so that they can contribute fully to the economic development and political stability of those countries. The overseas Chinese can play a specially useful role in helping combat Communist infiltration and subversion. The governments of most of the Southeast Asian countries have come to understand this and are now taking active measures to utilize the manpower and material resources of these overseas Chinese and, at the same time, to protect them against Communist intimidation.

Q. Are more and more Chinese, as it is sometimes reported, cooperating with the Reds?

A. Anyone who has had any direct contact with Chinese residents in Southeast Asia will know that this is not true. When the Chinese Communists first came to power on the mainland, many overseas Chinese did fall for Communist propaganda and came to entertain certain illusions

about the Peiping regime. After ten years of Communist tyranny, however, especially since the introduction of the "people's commune" system, the overseas Chinese have gained a clear picture of the sufferings of the people on the mainland. Owing to letters from relatives and friends on the mainland and first-hand reports of personal experiences of these overseas Chinese who had visited the mainland in recent years, the great majority of them have become completely disillusioned. We should, however, continue to guard against the Communist agents sent into the overseas Chinese communities for infiltration and subversion.

Q. Do many of these Chinese feel that it is just a matter of time before Red China takes over most of the Southeast Asian peninsula?

A. I do not believe that many Chinese would hold such a pessimistic view. But they are undoubtedly aware that international Communists, with the Chinese Communists as their principal instrument, will do everything to attain their basic objective of communizing the entire continent of Asia. They are also aware that whether the Chinese Communists can conquer this entire area depends upon the extent to which the support given by the free world, especially by the United States, to the collective security system of Southeast Asia, can be coordinated with the political and military strength of the Government of the Republic of China.

'Rash Step'

Q. What would be the effect of U. S. recognition of Red China on such Chinese?

A. In such an eventuality, all Chinese in this area would lose faith in the United States and the free world as a whole. More important, the governments and peoples of all countries in these parts of the world would conclude that the leading force of the free world has already decided to hand the entire continent of Asia to international Communism on a silver platter. Under such circumstances, they would be compelled to turn from the free world to the Communist orbit. The consequences would be unthinkable. I do not believe that

the United States, for the sake of her own interest and the interest of the entire free world, would take such a rash step.

Q. Both the Republic of China and the Peiping regime have expressed opposition to a "two China" policy. Do you believe there is any chance that the Peiping regime will change its tactics in view of the possible benefits which might result, and agree to a "two China" policy? If such an eventuality takes place, and the United States recognizes Peiping and also continues its recognition and alliance with the Republic of China, what would be the attitude of your Government?

A. In the first place, I do not think it is advisable for the United States to permit her policy to be determined by manipulations of the Chinese Communists. Such a purely passive line of thinking would get the United States into trouble in whatever move she may make. Whether the United States should recognize the Chinese Communists must be considered as a matter of basic policy, as it has been in the past. Should undue emphasis be laid upon tactics, basic policy considerations would inevitably suffer and the initiative would be lost to the Communists.

Second, the so-called "two China" concept is, to put it bluntly, only wishful thinking entertained by neutralists who hope to achieve peace without paying any price for it. Our friends in the United States and other free countries must realize that the existence of free China is based upon the conviction that free society must in the end triumph over the Communist system of slavery. The "two China" theory totally negates this conviction and would, therefore, deprive free China of the only basis on which its sacred mission could be carried out. Here it should be very clear that the "two China" theory, whether or not accepted by the Peiping regime, would in effect facilitate the Chinese Communists in their attempt to destroy free China. Any arrangement derived from this line of thinking, therefore, not only will be totally unacceptable to the Government of the Republic of China, but should not receive the consideration of any responsible quarters in the free world.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Caricature of Conservatism

IT IS a continuing mystery how the contemporary Liberal, committed as he is to political concepts and programs that aggrandize the coercive state, can continue to pose as the champion of freedom and to castigate conservatives as its enemy. This is a feat that can be accomplished only by blindly embracing ideological shibboleths and totally ignoring reality. Yet it is a feat that is accomplished constantly — one which is repeated



Meyer

more and more often as the challenge of a resurgent conservatism forces upon the Liberal Establishment an attempted confutation, in place of the bland ignoring of serious conservative thought which has been its tactic until recently.

Within the past year or two, innumerable articles in the scholarly journals and the magazines of opinion, as well as a number of books, have been devoted to this endeavor. The most recent example of the *genus*, a book called *The Futilitarian Society* (Braziller, \$6.00), written by William J. Newman, a professor at Boston University, will serve to typify others. Although it is a particularly silly and flatulent example, Professor Newman's very verbosity and naiveté bring the salient points of the general thesis into clearer relief.

The intellectual strategy of the endeavor can be readily identified—although the premises on which it is based are never quite openly stated, being rather assumed and implied. They are assumed as the obvious beliefs of anyone who does not accept obscurantist nonsense about eternal values and that sort of thing. They are implied as the necessary corollaries of the humanly directed

"change" which is constantly projected by Mr. Newman as the only alternative to the static society bereft of freedom for which he insists conservatism stands. But that "change," which he regards as the only criterion of freedom and which is to be created by conscious human will, can only be the social engineering dear to the collectivist mind, whether in its Marxist or Liberal incarnation.

HERE IS the absurdity. Conservatives are branded as enemies of freedom—because they insist upon an eternal order of being and a fixed goal of virtue, which is the goal towards which free men will move if they are to fulfill their destiny as beings created with the freedom to accept or reject that destiny. Mr. Newman, and those whose critique of conservatism he represents, fly in horror from the thought that freedom can have any meaning unless it is absolutely free-wheeling; unless it is choice with no consequences, no responsibility; unless it is nothing but a free act of choice suspended in vacuum. But since in the real world freedom must be freedom to choose between concrete alternatives, the Liberal critic of conservatism is left with change itself as an absolute. Since, however, impersonal change as an absolute is itself intolerable to the human mind because of its anarchic, formless meaninglessness, he falls back upon directed change, change directed by collectivities, which by their very nature utterly destroy the freedom of the individual person.

Within the "limitations" of reality, of the constitution of being, within the "limitations" that the duty to virtuous action imposes upon men, the conservative view of the human situation places no curb on human freedom. It insists upon the authority of truth, but by its very recognition of that authority it insists equally upon the sanctity of the individual person's

freedom to accept or reject that authority. It does so because it knows that virtue cannot be imposed by external earthly power; because it knows that freedom has nothing to do with "change," with "innovation," with "creative acts," with "invention" (as Mr. Newman would have it), but is a necessity integral to the God-given choice of virtue or evil, of Heaven or Hell. Therefore, the conservative strains toward a society in which the freedom of the individual person in all its aspects will be protected to the highest degree possible, while at the same time every energy of the leaders of society, of its educational system and its influential organs, will be devoted to persuasion towards virtue.

THIS central understanding of contemporary American conservatism, which is being worked out in the live and growing movement of recent years, Mr. Newman succeeds in avoiding by never looking at that movement as a whole; by mashing together in a single conspectus true conservatives with men like Walter Lippmann, Louis Hartz, Daniel Boorstin, Daniel Bell (because they like Locke, or talk of "the end of ideology," and lack the true radical fire); and by protecting something called "a conservative mood," symbolized by Eisenhower and the Eisenhower years.

NATIONAL REVIEW is never mentioned in his compendious pages. Of the proliferating conservative movement on the campuses and among the young generally, of the Sharon Declaration which confutes his caricature of conservatism, he has nothing to say. He does mention *Modern Age* and *The Conscience of a Conservative*, but only to sneer or to quote out of context isolated passages from the intense and serious discussion that has been proceeding among conservatives.

He utterly ignores the understanding the West has painfully and gloriously achieved of the eternal tension of virtue and freedom, in order to establish a simplistic ideological diagram on the basis of which to categorize conservatism as the enemy of freedom. This is not the intellectual discourse Liberals maintain they champion; it is a caricature of discourse.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Memoirs of a Literary Mosquito

Some months ago, in this page, I printed a letter from a Michigan teacher who complained that although federal funds were at his disposal if he would enroll for educationist courses in counselling and guidance, no sort of aid was available if he wished—as he does—to undertake serious graduate study in history. Someone—whether waggishly or soberly inclined, I know not—asked educationists of the School of Education at Syracuse University for their opinion of my remarks. This inquiry prompted Mr. Virgil M. Rogers, dean of that School of Education, to write a letter; and one of my cloak-and-dagger people has delivered into my hand a copy of that missive.



Kirk

"First," Dean Rogers writes, "may I say that Mr. Kirk is well known among educators for his irresponsible writing. Second, the NDEA Act is soon to be extended greatly and I hope broadened to include the social sciences, which I am sure will please the midwestern teacher quoted by Mr. Kirk as worrying because he can't get federal financial assistance in this area. . . .

"Frankly, the only treatment for the sort of writing which Mr. Kirk is doing is to ignore it as one would a buzzing mosquito. Mr. Kirk's journal, I understand through a report in the *New York Times*, is on the verge of liquidation for lack of subscribers. I am sure we can both understand why."

In the jargon of such a one as Mr. Virgil Rogers, "educator" means a doctor of pedagogy, or at least a serf in the educationist empire of John Dewey. A scholar isn't an educator, of course—for he hasn't taken courses in "Laboratory Analysis of Playmirth

and Succorance in Selected Metropolitan Elementary Schools."

First, may I say that Mr. Rogers is well known among scholars for his irresponsible talking. A few years ago, Mr. Rogers was superintendent of schools of Battle Creek, Michigan, and a power among the Michigan Deweyites—indeed, he made himself chief hatchet-man for the educationist hierarchy in this state. He contrived to get the editor of the *Michigan Education Journal* fired, because that editor had permitted some experienced classroom teachers to remark, in print, that somehow Progressivism does not work perfectly in Michigan. Later, when the new president of the University of Michigan, Dr. Hatcher, mildly affirmed that perhaps college freshmen ought to have been instructed in the skills of reading and writing before orientation-week, our Mr. Virgil Rogers thundered vehemently against this unwary champion of outmoded and anti-democratic literacy; and Dr. Hatcher promptly shut up.

But somehow the citizenry of Battle Creek, a reactionary crew, failed to appreciate Mr. Rogers' talents for denunciation; they dispensed with his services—or, to put it bluntly, gave him the boot. Since the educationist hierarchy provides for its own, an exalted post soon was found for this hatchet-man of Deweyism—a deanship at Syracuse University.

Aye, *irresponsible* is quite the word for Mr. Rogers. Take, for instance, his remark that "Mr. Kirk's journal . . . is on the verge of liquidation. . . ." Indeed? What is my journal? I write articles on higher education for the *New York Times Magazine*; and Mr. Rogers mentions the *Times*. But I do not think that the *Times* is in any imminent peril of collapse because of diminished circulation. Does he mean *The University Bookman*, which I edit? That little bulletin, only three issues old,

is foundation-supported, and in no danger of disappearing; it is read by perhaps fifty thousand people. Does he mean the periodical in which this "From the Academy" is published? Well, *NATIONAL REVIEW* is bigger in circulation than ever before—and, if present trends continue, may achieve a subscription list as big as that of *Nation* and *New Republic* combined. In charity, let us, gentle reader, think Dean Rogers no worse than sadly irresponsible.

"Irresponsible," indeed, has become a word the doctrinaire educationists fling about with thoroughgoing irresponsibility.

The National Education Association has created, for instance, a hatchetman combat-group called, grandiosely, "The Commission for the Defense of Democracy through Education." Recently, it appears, this Commission has been endeavoring to discredit the reviewing of school textbooks by anyone except accredited zealots of the educationist empire, whom the NEA crowd call "professional persons." It has been sending to textbook publishers copies of any reviews of their publications that are less than ecstatic in tone, with solemn suggestions that any such criticisms must be "irresponsible."

Into mine own hand my confidential clerks have delivered some correspondence between this "Commission" and an officer of Rand McNally & Company, one Mr. Wesley E. Young, himself of the educationist persuasion. To my delight, I discover that Mr. Young denounces as "irresponsible" a review by yours truly. Anyway, the important fact is this: at the time Mr. Young wrote his indignant protest against my review, (August 25, 1960), he had not seen my review at all: because it had not been published. I had, in fact, written it only a few days before he protested; and only one person had seen my carbon copy. So much for responsibility among educationists.

By way of documentation, in the next number of "The Academy" I will publish large chunks of my textbook-review—the review which this educationist felt able to refute without having read. Forgive me, Messrs. Rogers and Young: it is a part of my nature to be a mosquito or a gadfly; quite as it is part of your nature, I take it, to commit howlers.

Orkney Lyrics

IAN HAMILTON FINLAY

O.H.M.S.

To my creel and stack-net island
Of the little hills, low and dark,
Her Majesty's Government graciously sent
Me an Assistance clerk.

He frowned, "May I come in?"
—To inspect me, he meant. "Please do.
I shall sit on this old oil drum
And leave the chair for you."

"Some questions require to be answered."
"You must ask me whatever you wish.
—Those things strung on the knotted string
You are staring at, are fish."

"Fish?—I thought they were socks."
He wrote me all down in his book.
O little dark island, I brought him, and after
Did you give me a darker look?

Black Tomintoul

To Scotland came the tall American
And went to stay on a little farm
Oh it was a Scotch farm set in the wild
A wee Scotch burn and a stony field

She came to the corner, it was raining
And the little trees were all leaning in
This was not Scotland the way she had thought of it
Care, not gravity, makes them lean
The rain falling Scotchly, Scotchly
And the hills that did not soar up but in

But most she looked at the bull so wild
She looked at the bull with the eyes of a child
Never in New York did she see such a bull
As this great Scotch one, Tomintoul
She called him secretly, the great Scotch bull.

He was black all over, even for a bull
And oh he had such a lovely hide
She saw him follow one cow aside
Tell me, please, is that cow his bride?

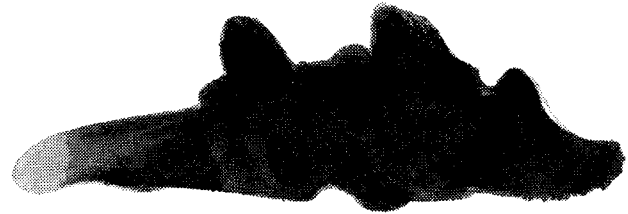
No, they are all his lawful br-r-ride
There were twentyfour cows on the Scotch hillside

It was almost too much for the tall American girl
She watched him stand on his opposite hill
Black Tomintoul, and he always bellowed
But afterwards something in her was mellowed.

The English Colonel Explains an Orkney Boat

The boat swims full of air.
You see, it has a point at both
Ends, sir, somewhat
As lemons. I'm explaining

The hollowness is amazing. That's
the way a boat
Floats.



Folk Song for Poor Peedie Mary

Peedie Mary
Bought a posh
Big machine
To do her wash.

Peedie Mary
Stands and greets
Where dost thoo
Put in the peats?

Silly peedie
Mary thoo
Puts the peats
Below, baloo.

Peedie Mary
Greets the more,
What did the posh paint
Come off for?

—
"Peedie" is the Orkney word for "wee." "Greets"—"complains."

Builders or Destroyers?

JOSEPH F. THORNING

Mrs. Vera Micheles Dean, author of *Builders of Emerging Nations*, has been an oracle of the Foreign Policy Association for many years. On April 15, 1937, for example, she pictured the Soviet Union as a place "where only two classes—workers and peasants—live amicably side by side" and where "there is room for only one party, the Communist party, 'which boldly defends the interests of workers and peasants to the very end.'" In her explanation of "The New Constitution of the U.S.S.R.," Mrs. Dean related that Soviet elections would take place "on the basis of universal, equal and direct suffrage," and "by secret ballot." She took the document seriously. Leon Trotsky, himself a Marxist-Leninist, was presented as the sole dissenter.

In another FPA report ("Labor and Management in the U.S.S.R.," June 15, 1938), with Mr. Joseph Barnes as a primary source, Vera Dean concluded that "Soviet claims of 'socialist democracy' should not be dismissed as false or hypocritical merely because they do not correspond to Western concepts of democratic institutions or Leon Trotsky's interpretation of Marxist doctrine."

It is in the light of such assertions that readers can judge the merits of her portraits of eighteen "Builders" (two of them dead: Kemal Ataturk and Ramon Magsaysay, both Freedom Fighters and champions of national independence). Alive and active are Messrs. Mao Tse-tung, Fidel

Builders of Emerging Nations, by Vera Micheles Dean. Rinehart and Winston, \$5.00.

Castro, Rómulo Betancourt, Josip Broz-Tito, Nikita Khrushchev, Nehru, Nasser, Kwame Nkrumah, Sukarno, Tom Mboya, Bourguiba, Houphouët-Boigny, David Ben-Gurion, U Nu, Nyerere and Ayub Khan. Several of these are respectable, respected rulers.

According to Mrs. Dean, the nations, led by the aforesaid men, may be expected to "adopt authoritarianism but, we must hope, not totalitarianism on the Communist model; will direct, but not necessarily control, their economies; will show concern for social welfare and encourage change amid tradition; and practice a policy of nonalignment similar to that followed by India." It does not occur to the author that "positive neutralism,"

as happened in the highly industrialized, somewhat socialized Czechoslovakia of Eduard Benes and Jan Masaryk, can simply serve as a steppingstone to Soviet slavery. Apparently, she doesn't know what took place in Fidel Castro's Cuba, far from the Soviet frontiers and with only remote contacts with the Red armed forces of Soviet China and the USSR. Is this a case of the blind leading the blind; or are there rose-colored glasses interfering with Mrs. Dean's vision?

The lady in question is deeply troubled about all "colonialism," with little concern about Marxist-Leninist colonialism. Signs of the latter are discernible in some parts of the Soviet Empire: the Baltic captive nations; bloodstained Hungary; East Germany; Bulgaria; a republic in the "American Mediterranean" where only the "Popular Socialist" party is legal; and in that new "emerging nation," the kingdom of Laos. A broad "coalition government," embracing Communists, Mrs. Dean must know, is as sure-fire an enslaving technique

as the Nazi "protectorate" was in Central Europe.

As soon as a Soviet Gauleiter, or "team" of Gauleiters, emerges to provide "constructive economic and political development, free from subjection of foreign rule" in Vietnam, or Thailand, or Malaya, or the Philippines, it may be taken for granted that Vera Micheles Dean will produce another manual that, in the words of the publisher, will make "a significant contribution to the understanding of complex developments taking place in all parts of the world today." Such a study might accelerate the pace of events—overlooking the small point that "a genuinely neutral regime" can be the antechamber of national suicide.

The "guided democracy" and "guided economy" of Indonesia's Sukarno also elicit warm sympathy from Mrs. Dean. Long ago, she proclaimed that the achievements of "any form of socialism" may be impossible "without resort to coercion." For similar reasons almost lyrical praise is lavished upon the Marxist-Leninist dictator Tito. Mrs. Dean emphasizes that he "played a major role in building the 'third force' of uncommitted nations, a group which has grown rapidly with the admission of newly independent nations of Asia and Africa to the UN." Nothing is reported about Tito's support of all major foreign policies of the Soviet bloc, including votes in the UN for the Castro brothers, Fidel and Raúl. Can this be an oversight on the part of the FPA expert?

The views of Vera Micheles Dean do not seem to have changed much over the years, although they are stated more boldly than ever before and although the "need for change" is one of the *leitmotifs* of this most recent excursion into a future Utopia. Opening "the doors to the future," of course, is Mr. Nikita Khrushchev, with his "quick grasp of scientific and technological problems. . . ." This passage portrays him as an idol, or ikon, to "a generation whose most prominent leaders are industrial

managers and nuclear scientists, agronomists and astronauts." How alluring is the prospect that there would be just one politician! Expensible, or mere subordinates, would be philosophers, statesmen, judges, prophets, poets, artists, reporters, editors and upholders of the Bill of Rights. Mrs. Dean is confident that "neutralism" can conduct humanity to the Promised Land: One World, One Government.

In order to provide such glimpses of a social paradise, Mrs. Dean relies, largely, upon "hope" as a cornerstone of foreign policy for the USA. Billions of American dollars to subsidize the new varieties of "National Communism" can shore up Marxist tyrants, provided their personal links to Moscow and Peiping are not too obvious. No free world would vote money to a Nazi Tito; Tito, the Communist, can be financed without strengthening the whole Marxist-Leninist world. . . .

The blind spots on the author's intellectual retina become meaningful

as demonstrable special pleading after a scientific scrutiny of her "Selected Bibliography." *Tito and Goliath* by Hamilton Fish Armstrong is featured. No mention is made of *Tito's Promised Land* by Professor Alex N. Dragovich of Vanderbilt University; or *Tito: Moscow's Trojan Horse* by one-time Belgrade University professor Slobodan M. Draskovich; or *Tito's Communism* by Josef Korbel; or *Ally Betrayed* by David Martin.

Under Latin America, three of the scant seven titles recommended are "The New York Times articles by Herbert L. Matthews on the Castro revolution," the somewhat dated biography of Fidel of Cuba by Jules Dubois; and Rómulo Betancourt's *Venezuela: Política y Petróleo*.

Scholars familiar with the classic works of reference on Asia, Africa, the Middle East, Latin America, the Soviet empire and Tito's Yugoslavia are apt to repeat with the late Professor William Graham Sumner of Yale University: "The facts never speak for themselves. They are selected and arranged."

the book is that it may tend to freeze discussion at this level.

Like most students who have speculated seriously about the subject and who realize something of the thickness of it, Mr. Warren wonders why the South could have remained so attached to the memory of *ante bellum* society through a century of pressure to change. The true answer is that, although this culture was disfigured by an historical circumstance, it was based upon a paradigmatic ideal. And once a people have glimpsed that possibility, they are not easily beaten or bribed into giving it up. That is what the "nostalgia" is for. The cultural difference was deeper than the book allows, and belief in cultural pluralism is what keeps the contest going on, despite judicial ukases and decrees of a central government.

It is now conventional to refer to the Civil War as a tragedy, but we must keep in mind that in a tragedy something is lost. What was lost was a transcendent idea of community, and a kind of integrity of the personality. It was the latter which could lead Charles Francis Adams to say that if he had been in Lee's place, he would have done exactly as Lee did.

An Altered Stand

RICHARD M. WEAVER

The *Legacy of the Civil War* is a curious book to come from an author who began his career with *John Brown: the Making of a Martyr* and followed this with one of the most

The Legacy of the Civil War, by Robert Penn Warren. Random House, \$2.75

eloquent essays in the symposium *I'll Take My Stand*. A first impression could be that he had deserted what he knows (because no man, with the possible exception of Faulkner, has the South more in his bones than Robert Penn Warren) for the superficialities of modern Liberalism. This reviewer was amazed to find passages sounding almost like Mrs. Roosevelt: "Everyone agrees that the chronic poverty and social retardation of the South, have, in fact, been a national liability. . . ." Again, there is sarcastic reference to the "constitutional theorizing" of a Southern governor. These things we expect

from the more imperceptive left-wing journals; we do not expect them from a writer who was able to create the complexity that is Willie Stark and present the tangle of motivation that appears in *Brother to Dragons*.

Not all of the book is thus suggestive of the current crusade against the South. The author explores the theme of common guilt as expressed in the facts occurring both before and after the great military collision. But when he sums up the South's sin as reliance upon the "Great Alibi" and the North's as belief in its "Treasury of Virtue," we are back in the language of journalistic formulation. Moreover, the fact is hardly unique; no defeated people can go on living without an explanation of that defeat; and without a theory that virtue was on its side, no victorious people can well avail itself of the fruits of the victory. The real nature of the legacy of the Civil War is therefore still to seek; but a fault of



Likewise it could cause Lee to say, with wry reference to his own nationalist sentiments (on an occasion when his forward brigades were being driven back), "I suppose it's up to us Union men to win this battle." Both felt somehow that their roles were laid upon them. Since then a more calculating type has come to predominate; and the book comes up with an odd verdict in favor of the pragmatic resolution, which is not very consistent with the apostrophe to tragedy in the closing pages.

Mr. Warren is right, and is in his usual felicitous vein, when he observes that the Civil War was the

"mystic cloud from which emerged our modernity." But he shows a complacency toward some of the prod-

ucts of that modernity, material and human, which as a younger writer he would have spurned.

of principles rather than politics. But as we examine these principles we must not refuse to see the direction in which they take us nor to recognize the contradictory nature of the heritage of Burke.

Writing in 1929, before Lord Acton became a vogue, Cobban insists that Burke did not exercise a permanent political influence. Cobban points out that he founded no school and he incorrectly assumes that his influence among Continental thinkers was a negligible one. "And so," says Cobban, "the leaders of the first generation of romanticism died one by one, beaten and broken men perishing among the spears of triumphant Victorianism."

It is a pretty phrase with which to end a book, but it has less truth than beauty in it. For not only did Burke produce a tradition in England and on the Continent; he produced two traditions and these two traditions are at least in partial conflict with one another. Conservative-Reactionary and Conservative-Liberal are the two unreconciled poles of Burke's thought, and all those who claim to be Burke's heirs must know that they enter into a disputed heritage.

Lord Acton in terms of his political development knew both aspects of Burke and comprehended their personal and political meaning for himself. At age twenty-four Acton, fresh home from Germany where he had been schooled in conservatism by the Munich circle, regarded the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* as "the law and the prophets." At the age of fifty-four Acton opined to Sir John Morley that he "would have hanged Mr. Burke on the same gallows as Robespierre." What was the source of Acton's disillusionment with Burke? Clearly it was the Conservative-Reactionary politics of the late Burke. Acton, however, was not serious in his remark to Morley, and in a more studied statement he pointed out that "Burke at his best is England at its best. Through him and through American influence on him, the sordid policy of the Walpolean Whigs became a philosophy and a combination of expedients was changed into a system of general principles." In short, the Burke Acton so admired was a Burke who had

Disputed Heritage of Burke

STEPHEN J. TONSOR

LORD ACTON observed of Burke that "systems of scientific thought have been built up by famous scholars on the fragments that fell from his table. Great literary fortunes have been made by men who traded on the hundredth part of him." This was true of Acton himself, for his politics, his morals and his religion were,

Burke, Disraeli and Churchill, The Politics of Perseverance, by Stephen R. Graubard. Harvard, \$5.00

Edmund Burke and the Revolt Against the Eighteenth Century, by Alfred Cobban. Barnes and Noble, \$3.75

The Philosophy of Edmund Burke, by Louis I. Bredvold and Ralph G. Ross. University of Michigan, \$3.50

in one sense, the product of a continual dialogue with Edmund Burke. Lesser men than Acton have made politics, histories, philosophies and fortunes of Burke; and three recent books on Burke are indication enough that the spirit of enterprise is not dead.

But of these three only Professor Alfred Cobban's *Edmund Burke and the Revolt Against the Eighteenth Century* is a book of more than transient interest and temporary value. First published in 1929 and now republished in its original form, it has long been recognized as an essential contribution to the understanding of Burke. Cobban rightly rejects the attempts of the "new conservatism" (whatever that is), to provide an ancestry for itself by annexing the name and reputation of Burke. This is the chief defect of the anthology by Louis I. Bredvold and Ralph G. Ross, *The Philosophy of Edmund Burke*. The tone and spirit of its introduction are less than scholarly and the selections are tendentious without being appropriate.

Stephen R. Graubard in his *Burke, Disraeli and Churchill*, seeks to make

Burke, "the old Whig," take issue with the "new conservatives." As a consequence his book too falls short of being an objective historical appraisal though in terms of thinness alone it can hardly be described as an honest or thoroughgoing effort.

How then are we to view Burke? Are the notes of historical objectivity and cold and dispassionate admiration which characterize Cobban's treatment the only meaning which Burke possesses for our beset generation? Is there a heritage of political wisdom in Burke which still has it in its power to make men and society better?

Let us acknowledge that in terms of practical politics Burke speaks to a dead world. The issues of party and place which so permeate his policies and speeches belong to history rather than to the present. Nor can the politics of compromise or the virtue of prudence be carried from Burke into the present moment. They belong to the luxury politics of Whiggery. Even if we could afford the luxury of compromise and prudence we would be forced to admit that they weakened Burke's arguments and vitiated his morality. Acton was all too correct when he observed of Burke, "He loved to evade the arbitration of principle. He was prolific of arguments that were admirable but not decisive. He dreaded two-edged weapons and maxims that faced both ways. Through his inconsistencies we perceive that his mind stood in a brighter light than his language; but he refused to employ in America reasons which might be fitted for Ireland, lest he should become odious to the great families and impossible to the King. Half of his genius was spent in masking the secret that hampered it. Goldsmith's cruel line ['And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.'] is literally true."

If his politics will not stand, what remains? Why, the essential Burke

moved from party, compromise and prudence to principles and had not yet lost himself in reaction. Acton warned himself in a note, "Keep Burke in two—Burke as a Liberal—Burke as a continuist."

Acton knew where the principles of the Burke of the American Revolution led; they led quite clearly to the nineteenth-century liberalism of William Gladstone. "The idea that politics is an affair of principle, that it is an affair of morality, that it touches eternal interests as much as vices and virtues do in private life, that idea will not live in the party." And so the grand movement in Burke's thought, as in Acton's, is from party to individual morality, from prudence to principle.

Morality, if it is to be the central principle of government, presupposes the absolute freedom of the individual conscience, and this radical freedom must be accompanied by justice on the one hand and responsibility on the other. For Burke freedom was a relative term, for Acton

it had become an absolute. It is from this galaxy of ideas that the Conservative-Liberalism of Gladstone emerges. Seen in the perspective of the present it was Gladstone rather than Disraeli and the Tory Democrats who were the true heirs of Burke. Modern libertarian-conservatism must look to this tradition.

The Burke of the Continental reactionaries; the Burke who saw unconditioned liberty as a danger, the Burke who feared moral abstractions, the Burke who considered the state a providential entity does not belong to this tradition. Acton saw the danger of this Burke; he witnessed the growth of the power of the state and growing abuse of minorities, he saw the moral necessity not only of reform but of revolution, and he recognized that the highest objectives in any society are those which arise not from interest but from principle. These are the elements, not of a "politics of perseverance" as Professor Graubard suggests but of a politics of responsibility.

style to become sufficiently qualified by ironic self-revelation.

The book's narrative is mainly concerned with the Hollywood community's concerted effort to keep its fair name and that of America's Favorite Flappper, Viola Lake, unsullied by the revelations of the Barco murder case. A Mrs. Geiger, an English cook imported by Viola to go with her million-dollar English mansion (complete with thatched roof), was one of seven women successively married and murdered by Cal Barco; and while in Viola's employ, *she had kept a diary*. (In addition to the "conventional" sexual irregularities, Viola "has been in the habit of taking a certain chemical aid to vivacity"—Elmer's circumlocution for drugs.) Elmer Bliss gets himself appointed "Czar" to look after the motion picture interests at the trial and to launch a "prophylactic" campaign to prove to the avid public that Viola is really just a homebody at heart and loves "mountains and birds and bees and flowers."

Undoubtedly, Elmer's task is a formidable one; for Barco, the murderer, proudly admits his guilt on the witness stand: he killed all seven wives to save them from the "Devil's Playground"—Southern California, "where Nature runs rampant" in "this anteroom to hell." And, in what must be the direst blasphemy possible in this Never-Never Land, Barco avows that "Nature is the Antichrist!" Elmer rises to the occasion in his own fashion: he "righteously" rebukes the fickle world represented in the courtroom for denying to Viola Lake and the other idols their own hands have made the "relaxation commensurate with [their] toil" and then proceeds on his regular Thursday radio "chat" to recount Barco's seven murders in such a fashion that they sound like only a travelogue (the "atrocities in all their ghastly details, but with the horror softened and sweetened by true data about Southern California").

There is a gap of thirty years or so in the narrative. Elmer, now the owner of the *Anaheim Gazette*, has paid a visit to Viola, in the home for aged and indigent actors appropriately called the Motion Picture Country Club. Planning to write a series of modish memoirs about older

Dear, Dead Hollywood

ROBERT DRAKE

WITH what high hopes does one open Anita Loos' new novel, *No Mother to Guide Her*. Here, by the creator of those brilliant comedies

No Mother to Guide Her, by Anita Loos. McGraw-Hill, \$3.95

of bad manners—*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (1925) and *But Gentlemen Marry Brunettes* (1927), might be the ultimate Hollywood novel, if Miss Loos had but dipped her pen once more in the same corrosive ink in which she sketched the portrait of Lorelei Lee and the world which made her possible. But although Miss Loos rises occasionally to the satiric heights consistently achieved in the chronicles of Lorelei and Dorothy, this "memoir" of the erstwhile Movie Queen, Viola Lake, as recorded by that Prince of Positive Thinkers, Elmer Pastorfield Bliss, is for the most part considerably inferior stuff.

I think the principal fault may lie in the lenses through which the nar-

rative is refracted—Elmer's. In drawing this columnist-uplifter, Miss Loos might have done well to bear in mind a point E. M. Forster has made about Miss Bates in Jane Austen's *Emma*: we know she is a bore, but she doesn't bore *us*. Unfortunately, in choosing Elmer Bliss to chronicle the life and times of Viola Lake, Miss Loos has not allowed Elmer's "positive" philosophical view and prose



Anita Loos, by Ralph Barton

screen stars who have sinned and repented, Elmer asks Viola what she has learned from the "mistakes of her unhappy, misspent life." It takes some pondering, but Viola finally concludes triumphantly, "If I had it to live over again, I wouldn't bob my hair!" And the last we see of Elmer, he gives a rueful sigh for the "dear, dead Hollywood" of yesterday (the depicter of "Life as life can never be," the teller of "fairy tales for the adult"), laments the presence of the "new," unglamorous Hollywood, and prepares to write of Viola, whose "chance for salvation" lies in the fact that she is "still a child; a child of the old Hollywood."

The Great American Success Gospel, which Miss Loos stood on its head in the *Gentlemen* books, could have been represented here at its most flamboyantly perverse. And the American Dream turned Nightmare could have been dramatized at its most violently grotesque. But there is little of the implicit (albeit carefully guarded) moral indignation of the *Gentlemen* books here. There is certainly denunciation enough of

shoddy idealism about Nature—I use the term comprehensively—in Barco's literal jeremiad in the courtroom. But it is all too heavy-handed; and the characters and prose style are mostly flat. (We cannot believe in them as we believe in Lorelei—horrifying caricature though she be.)

What may really be the book's most significant implication, finally, is something which is only touched on in the closing paragraphs: Elmer's (and perhaps Miss Loos') nostalgia for the "dear, dead Hollywood." Perhaps it was a dream turned nightmare, but a tawdry romance may be

better than no dream, no vision at all. (Perhaps the excesses of "rugged," idealistic American individualism are preferable to a Laodicean unconcern for anything but "security.") Perhaps if one really had to make that choice, he could do worse than throw over a split-leveled, picture-windowed, suburban togetherness for this absurd, grotesque, sun-drowned Never-Never Land, which knows not rain nor snow nor age and where death is only a perpetual garden party where the Loved Ones flit to and fro amid the quiet glades in the long afternoons at Forest Lawn.

Movies

Fallen City of Man

PETER MELIK

AN important part of any new work's appeal is always the extent to which its virtues can take one unawares, or conversely, the degree of one's own capacity for consumer surprise. One reason Jean-Luc Goddard's *Breathless* took many film-goers by storm was because they had heard so little about it in advance. But the news about Fellini's *La Dolce Vita* has been coming out of Europe for two years now. We have been assured that it is decadent, brilliant, immoral, pretentious, too long. With such a build-up, any movie would be at a disadvantage. No matter how good, or bad, it is, it cannot live up to the prejudices lying in wait. In the case of *La Dolce Vita*, I have even heard people complain about the famous "orgy" scene, which they had found disappointingly tame.

At least, though, it seems to me that the following is true: 1) It is an ambitiously conceived and wholly serious piece of work, very moral though never didactic, and as un-mendacious a venture in a mass entertainment medium as we've had since *Shoeshine*. 2) It may well be the most perfectly cast movie of its scope ever made. There are over one hundred players identified in the credits and I can't imagine one—from Anita Ekberg to Count Ivenda Dobrzensky—who could be replaced without a loss. 3) In the same way, I can't think of a film which has made better use of a real-life milieu—in this case, the glamorous-cum-

grivoise gamut of the Via Veneto, where film actors, deadend aristocrats, the idle rich, hustlers, phonies, *arrivistes*, and scum of all nationalities gather to be harassed by news photographers and gossip columnists (whom Fellini uses as a sort of twentieth-century equivalent of the classic Furies). 4) It is a continually inventive, if never startlingly original work of film art. Rossellini's sense of landscape and Chaplin's instinct for visual narrative are still the two poles on which Fellini's own creative axis turns. 5) It is a memorable movie. I doubt if anyone seeing it this year will fail to remember many moments of it a decade from now; and this is not only because so much of it is pictorially vivid, but because the whole film is charged with a quality of feeling that just does not get into film-making very often.

But in the little space I have here, I would like to recommend it for the one virtue by which it distinguishes itself from everything else I have seen lately—or for that matter, read, or listened to. Quite simply, *La Dolce Vita* has a great deal of human truth in it, truth about the weakness, corruption and decline which most of us encounter in ourselves or the lives around us, yet which we prefer our poems and novels and movies to ignore.

Fellini has undertaken to use it seriously, and his film offers over three hours of revelation, rarely tender, and almost continually pathetic,

Books of Interest

The Lime Twig, by John Hawkes (New Directions, \$3.50). A short, brilliant novel that most resembles the scenario for a nightmare based on *Brighton Rock*.

Music of the Spheres, by Guy Murchie (Houghton, \$6.95). An informal but incisive survey of the physical universe—full of anecdotes, analogies, diagrams, doodles—by the most remarkable collaboration of the year: a man of science and a man of imagination who occupy the same human hide and whose book proves, in spite of Sir Charles Snow's warnings, that rapprochement between these two extremities of the forehead is not impossible, after all.

Tell It to Sweeney, by John Chapman (Doubleday, \$4.95). A life of the *New York Daily News* that fails, inevitably, to be as lively as its subject, but reads well all the same.

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grotesque, savage, or downright weird. His basic attitude is neither apologetic nor cynical—only astringently watchful. He does not preach nor harry. He shows. In the famous opening shot of a statue of Christ being towed over Rome by a helicopter, and in the final shot of an exquisitely innocent girl's face smiling gently, patiently, into the camera, he reminds us that the Kingdom of Heaven and "grace abounding" are as available to the man who wants them as they ever were. But within these two images, he shows us the fallen city of man, and the human material to which the Kingdom of Heaven is committed. It is wretchedly shoddy stuff—stuff which only its Creator could want to redeem, and anyone who watches the movie in good faith will find it a painful but tonic experience.

INsofar as there is a story, it is another Rake's progress, with the difference that Fellini's young Marcello is not only inclined to sexual dalliance, but has been called to serve a vocation. A talented boy from the provinces, he has come to Rome to make his fortune and maybe even write the Great Italian Novel. But he is young, good-looking, and weak. He supports himself as a journalist, but by the time we meet him, the life he watches—and which it may have become his life's purpose to witness clearly and record truthfully—has already begun to tempt and taint him. The film's dozen or so loosely connected episodes are so many downward steps at which, on the one hand, Marcello beholds some failure of fraudulence in the society about him, and on the other, feels more and more of his conviction as a man and poet-witness erode away. When we last see him, he has deserted his fiancée, abandoned his

book, and has hired himself out as a press-agent for a rising movie star. The friend with whom I saw it was dismayed, and when we came out, he insisted that it just made him feel too hopeless. I quote him because many people will probably agree. The truth is that this time Fellini has left no place for the movie-goer to hide out while munching his popcorn. His earlier films—*Cabiria*, for instance—also showed a good tract of the corrupt world. But *Cabiria* herself remained the Chaplin-like heroine who could—improbably—assent and endure and prevail no matter how much her body was traduced or her spirit betrayed. People could love her, weep for her, identify with her. But in *La Dolce Vita*, Marcello is as corrupt as the world around him. Watching his downward spiral, the audience must suffer with him or get out. The only reward is whatever self-knowledge may be involved when one says very privately, very urgently, "There but for the grace of God go I."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

STREET WITHOUT JOY, by Bernard B. Fall (Stackpole, \$4.95). A truly indispensable book likely to get scant attention, this is the first study of the Indochina war in English. The author, a French citizen, chose for his doctoral thesis the little-understood revolutionary warfare being waged in the jungles of Southeast Asia; his field research, perhaps unique in the annals of scholarship, included long-range patrols far north of Dien Bien Phu. In lucid, urgent prose, he points the unlearned lessons that led to the crushing of that encircled fortress and the collapse of French power. As its successor, the U. S. must learn what France did not: that the right kind of tactics, applied with appropriate political awareness and resolve, can win in the "wrong" places. R. WHALEN

CLEM ANDERSON, by R. V. Cassill (Simon & Schuster, \$5.95). An excessively long, and sometimes languishing novel, but anyone who sticks with it will have read some of the canniest pages ever written about the creative personality. "A genius," said Dr. Johnson, "was never destroyed, except by him-

self," and this chronicle of the early promise and hectic decline of a poet-novelist something like Dylan Thomas traces the progress of just such a self-destruction. But what Mr. Cassill understands surpassingly well, and is a good enough novelist to let us, in turn, see developing in his hero, is that prideful extremity at which a creative man is tempted to go beyond his gifts, his ability merely to make a poem or a novel, and to try instead to embody his vision in his own acts—to be, for instance, a good man, or an evil one, or one who (like poor Norman Mailer's ideal) must methodically expose himself to all the human possibilities. As *Clem Anderson* reveals, this is fatal, for it is an artist's final duty not to be, but to make. He can be a fool, a stinker, even a decent citizen; but he must not be more concerned with what he is than what he makes. Otherwise, he has sold his birthright, and no matter how sincere or subtle his intentions, he will have been only a failure—brilliant maybe, a myth perhaps, but not a shelf of printed works in which his flesh has been made words. P. MELIK

AN INFLATION PRIMER, by Melchior Palyi (Regnery, \$4.00). Inflation is the handmaiden of the welfare state, and is therefore one of the gravest chronic economic problems that Americans must face. And yet, few people and still fewer "experts" understand what inflation is—much less how to stop it. This confusion makes all the more welcome Dr. Palyi's lively, intelligent and hard-hitting little primer. Palyi sees that inflation is, in essence, a monetary phenomenon; and he rightly places first priority on stopping the Federal Government's monetization of its debt through the banking system. Happily, Dr. Palyi never surrendered to the flabbiness of the Eisenhower era, or to the prevailing view that the Eisenhower Administration hewed to the conservative path of "tight money." The truth, Palyi shows, was just about the reverse. The student will not learn all there is to know about inflation from reading this little book, but he will have a good head start on everyone else—including most economists. M. N. ROTHBARD

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The Trojan Tractor

Personal to Dr. Milton Eisenhower, Walter Reuther and Eleanor Whatshername:

Regarding Castro's recent ransom note, *Insight and Outlook* [publication of the University of Wisconsin Conservative Club] feels compelled to call for a dynamic departure from hoary Horse-and-Buggyism, a termination of telltale tradition. We must not rest upon our image, we must innovate. *Insight and Outlook* suggests a glittering new approach:

First, collect the sum required for the 500 tractors and bulldozers; with the money, construct one super-huge Tractor, stressing the while that collective farming can now be accomplished in one-fifth of one per cent of the time; ship the super-huge Tractor on special floats to Havana and collect the 1,200 prisoners; then won't the Bearded One be surprised to find the next morning that it was full of Marines? . . .

Wauwatosa, Wis. TIMOTHY J. WHEELER

Harvard's Crimson

Wm. F. Buckley's article on Harvard ["Guilt by Association," June 3] touches a problem which has concerned many Harvard students: the role of a campus daily in undergraduate affairs. Certainly a college newspaper must take an active interest in campus affairs. But just as certainly the newspaper must not take upon itself the function of molding student opinion and distorting news to fit its editorial policy.

This is a problem of any press but is particularly acute in a college community where one undergraduate daily has a monopoly over campus news.

The temptation is great for holders of a particular ideological viewpoint, either conservative or Liberal, to gain control of such a newspaper and then maintain it by admitting only new members of like beliefs.

Recently, the coverage of the *Crimson* has been denounced as unfair by many sectors of the Harvard community—ranging from members of the Young Americans for Freedom to the former chairman of the Stu-

dents for Stevenson. Though the *Crimson* is Liberal (to say the least), even Liberals recognize that its use of reportorial and editorial prerogatives is irresponsible. The case of Howard Phillips and the Student Council is just one of many episodes in which the *Crimson* has attempted to assert itself as leader and sole spokesman of undergraduate opinion at Harvard. We are far from the day when Harvard students will be able to say "I believe it, because the *Crimson* says it's so."

Cambridge, Mass. DAVID L. MORTON

Far Out

I keep receiving threatening notices that my subscription to your magazine is on the wane, which leaves me somewhat confused because I am currently getting two copies regularly. Every good schizo should get two copies.

Niantic, Conn. DONALD SEELEY

Unfair to Benson

You are unfair to Ezra Taft Benson, the last man, I should think, who deserves such treatment at your hands. "How to Solve the Farm Problem" [by Robert H. Scott, May 20] claims to present an improvement over his farm program, which called for the gradual removal of parity-based price supports and the elimination of acreage controls. "What Benson failed to see," says the writer, "was that the government must bear part of the responsibility for having gotten the farmer into production through artificial stimulation, and therefore [he] deserves a tithe to tide him over if the inducement is to be removed."

I can testify that Benson saw this plain and clear. But 1) he took the idea of weaning the farmers off the government seriously—when he said *gradual* he meant diminishing to nothing, zero, and 2) he believed that as a principle of morality no citizens, not even farmers, should be tempted to take money for doing what their self-interest would lead them to do anyway.

Let me illustrate. Up and down the United States farmers apply lime to their fields. This is an operation com-

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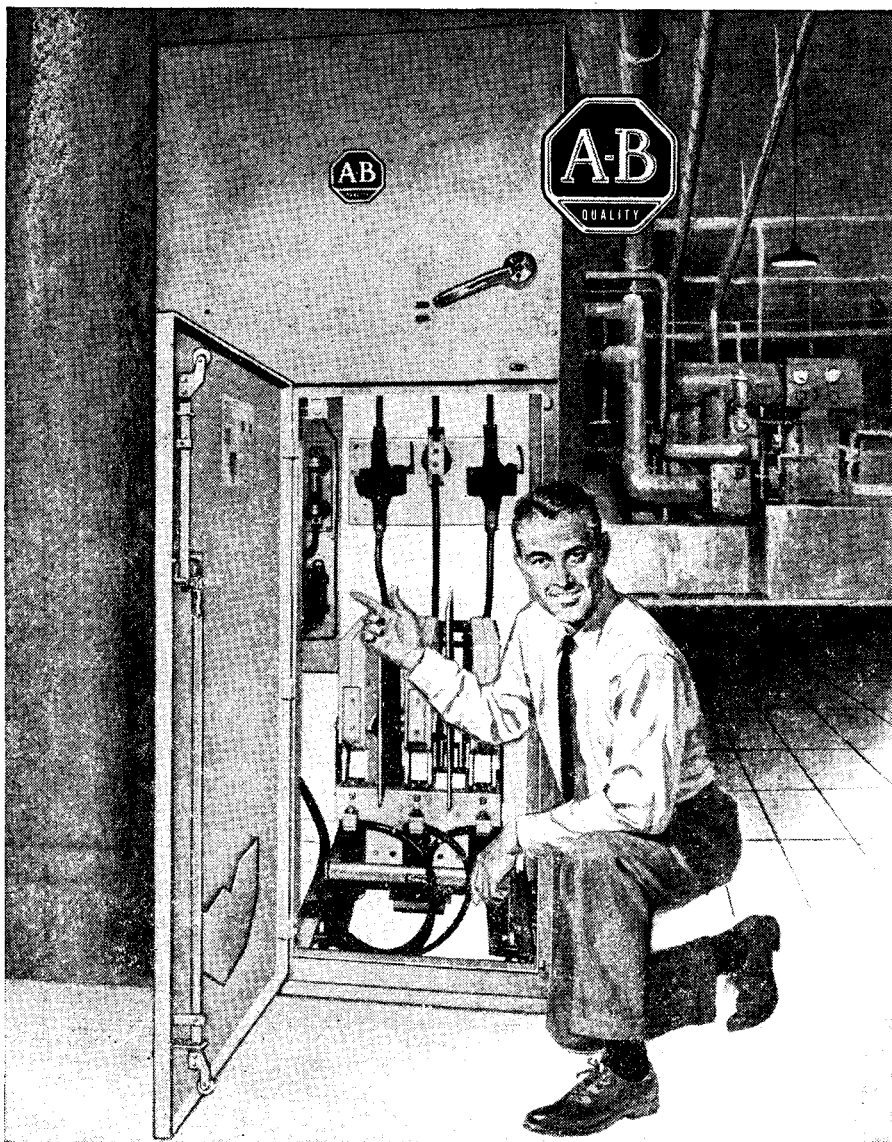
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monly essential to getting good yields of anything, even grass. Florists and greenskeepers do it as a matter of course, without federal support. Under present law, however, farmers can fill out a form certifying that they will not lime their acreage unless the government pays. So millions sign to this lawful lie and pocket the money.

He did not propose to be gradual about practices like that. As for price-supports (which cost about \$4 billion, not \$5 billion yearly), the Benson program *was* gradual. It would have based the support level for any crop on the average of market prices for that commodity in the three preceding years. Given a reasonable trial this procedure would have brought support levels into line with recent market price levels, thus in time converting the operation of the Department of Agriculture's Commodity Stabilization Service into exactly what its title says, that is, a pooling or stabilizing function in place of a price-hiking (and thus a surplus-inducing) operation. . . .

Washington, D. C.

ASHER BRYNES

¡Paredón, Gringuito!

After reading the Letters section of the May 20 issue: Herewith, some copies for a South Bend Berkleyite who doubts not his own existence but, still worse, mine.

Un momentito,

N. D. Gringuito

Mientras te digo,

“¿Qué pasa contigo?”

Pareces poco

Equivoco

Al confundir un hombre masa

Con ella, ama de su casa

Irlandés luchando

Que siga escuchando:

En Evanston,

sin paredón

Hay O'Brien père y O'Brien fils

Nunca se encuentra la Aloise.

No olvides, O schoolboy,

Que yo pienso, por eso soy.

Si sea verdad que la vida es sueño,

De la vida eres sin duda el dueño.

Señor Gringuito irlandés:

Cuidadito, próxima vez.

Muy atentamente

Evanston, Ill.

JAMES G. O'BRIEN

P.S. Gringuito errs: The Irishman who went before el paredón was not Pat O'Muerte but A. Keefe O'Cahdo, a high CIA official.

Whose Company?

Far be it from me to seek to comment on the good taste of the presentation in your May 6 issue of the trial of Adolf Eichmann for the murder of millions of human beings as the work of "publicists . . . leaking juicy tidbits." If it serves no other purpose, your "Propagandists of the World, Arise!" demonstrates clearly the dire need for this trial.

In the words of Santayana, "Those who cannot remember the past, are condemned to repeat it." However, the remarkable thing about your presentation is that it might have come straight from Nasser's Radio Cairo, which declared on April 14:

"The Eichmann trial is a curse to the world and mankind because it reflects forgery, cowardice and the distortion of facts."

Congratulations to NATIONAL REVIEW on finding itself in such good company.

Washington, D.C.

JACK LONDON

We regret Mr. London did not get the point of the editorial to which he refers, namely that the events of the past few weeks have made it difficult for the Eichmann trial to occupy center stage, as clearly its entrepreneurs intended it to do. We have never doubted the guilt of Eichmann, nor underestimated the horror of his acts. And what has all this to do with Nasser?—ED.

Indispensable

NATIONAL REVIEW is performing an indispensable service. We appreciate it very much, and hope its influence may be extended widely. Your contributors can think and they can write. How rare those gifts today!

ARCHBISHOP JOSEPH P. HURLEY
St. Augustine, Fla.

A British View

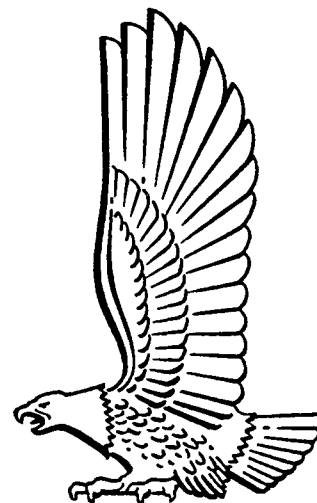
In view of your editorial position concerning M. Tshombe, I believe you will be interested in the following letter of D. R. Shackleton Bailey, of Jesus College, Cambridge, to *The Manchester Guardian*:

"Your leading article on May 4 welcoming the arrest of M. Tshombe omits to mention that it was effected by treachery. Of course M. Tshombe is a deplorable person. He has protected European lives and even property. He prefers giving orders to Belgians to taking them from Indians and Swedes. He disposed of M.

“

. . . We must consider what state all men are naturally in, and that is a state of perfect freedom to order their actions and dispose of their possessions and persons as they think fit.

—John Locke in "Civil Government"

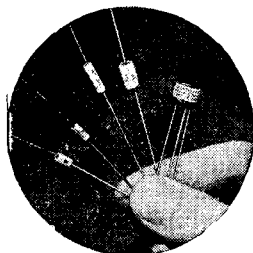


”

Individual freedom is a natural thing. It comes to us from our Creator as part and parcel of our humanity. It's nothing we have taken from others . . . nothing bestowed on us by a benevolent government.

Yet, proponents of the welfare state seek to rob us of this innate freedom—first through socialized medicine, farm subsidies and federal control of business . . . ultimately through socialization of every phase of activity we know.

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Lumumba as M. Lumumba meant to dispose of him. And of course there are plenty of precedents, some quite recent, for inviting your enemy (or friend) to a conference in order to make away with him. I would not suggest that there is anything in that to offend the *Guardian's* moral standards. But if it is to become an accepted UN technique I foresee a certain amount of inconvenience."

Savannah, Ga. EDWARD MONTGOMERY JR.

"Why Die for Danzig?"

Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn in his letter from France [May 20] recalls that in 1938 the German military attaché to London implored the British not to negotiate with Hitler, so that

the German Army might have a chance to arrest him. Disregarding this and other sound advice, Neville Chamberlain went to Munich to surrender. In Paris meanwhile, Marcel Déat proclaimed the slogan "Why Die for Danzig?" The horrors of World War II were the consequences of such shameful defeatism.

Today, again defeatism seems to be rampant, paving the way to another shameful surrender. Will we wake up before it will be too late?

Monona, Wis.

PETER P. PANTER

Encouraged

The election of John Tower as Senator from Texas is the most encouraging political development in many a

moon. . . . What we definitely do not want is another "Me-Too" candidate like Nixon. I fairly had to hold my nose last fall when I finally voted the Republican ticket.

Waynesboro, Ga.

JOHN J. JONES

Judge, Court of Ordinary

Peace Verse

The following is dedicated to the memory of poor old peace-loving Neville Chamberlain, to be sung by The State Department Minstrel Troupe:

O Souvanna,

Won't you cry for me,

For I'm g'wine to Geneva

With m'umbrella on my knee.

Oswego, N.Y.

ROBERT A. FLUMERFELT

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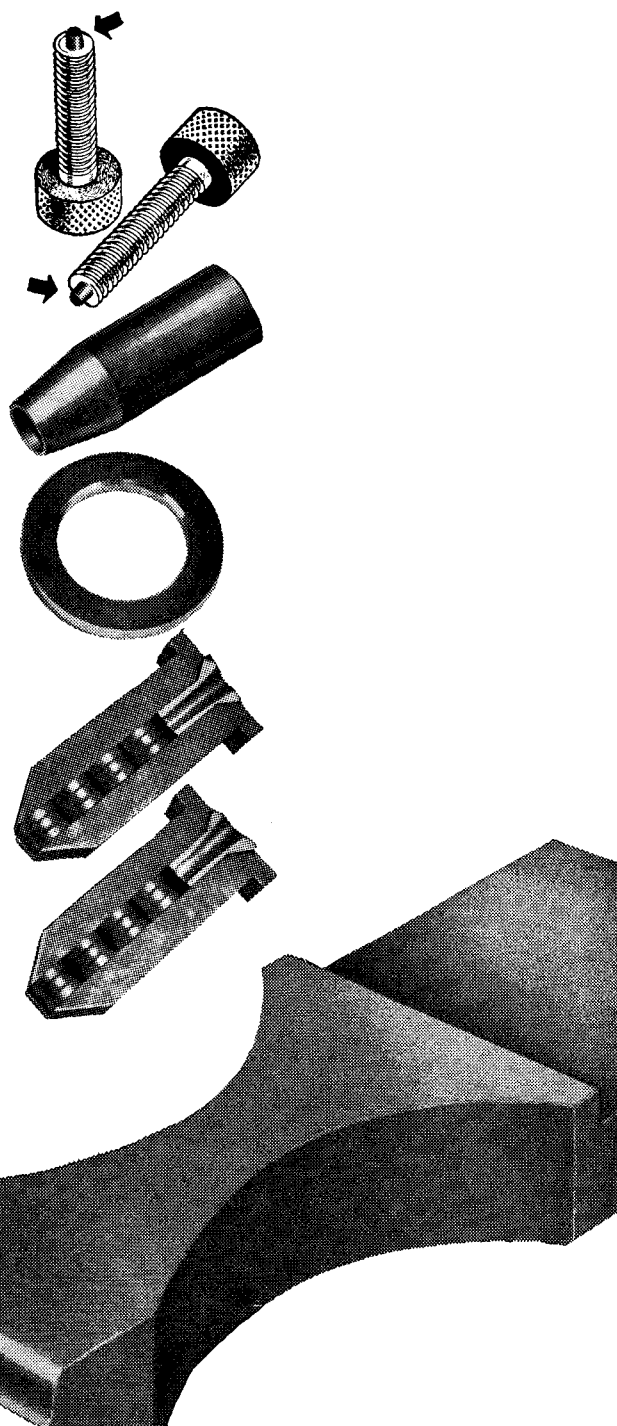
- ... pinch jaws (large illustration below) made of Kentanium solve a glass tubing pinch-off and vacuum sealing problem in the production of sealed beam lamps—by operating in a 1700°F. flame to heat the withdrawal tube and by averaging 215,000 tubes as compared to 25,000 for steel jaws.
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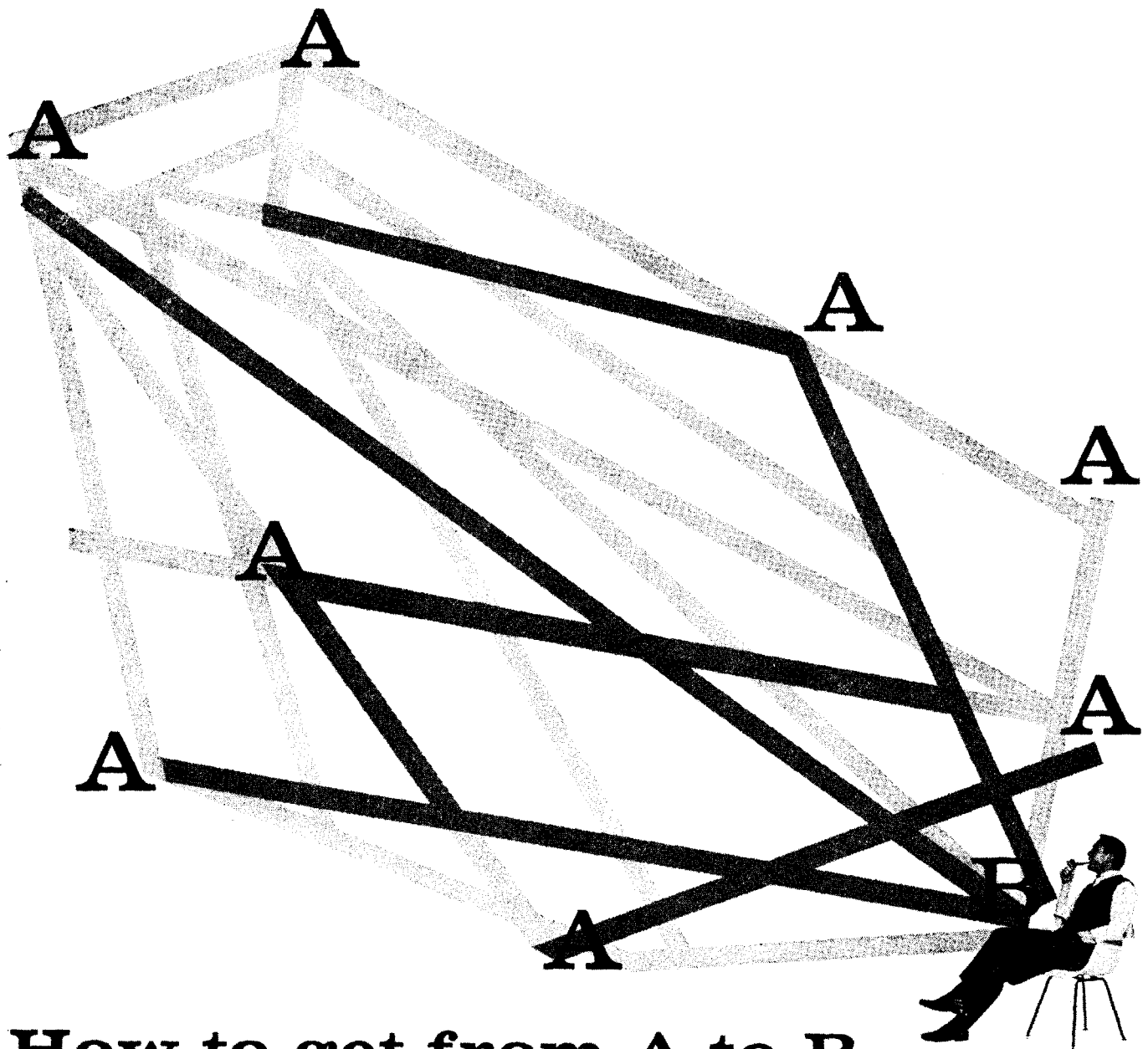
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	Melting Points	
	Metal	Carbides
Tungsten	6098°F	5198°F
Tantalum	5425°F	7016°F
Titanium	3272°F	5684°F
Niobium	4379°F	7052°F

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